

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 3, 1958

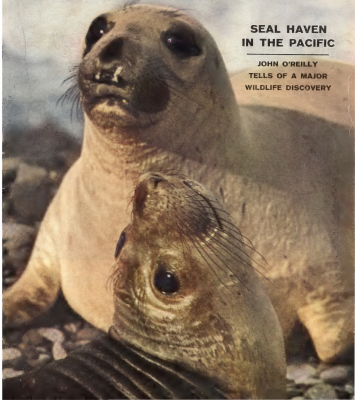
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Advertisement on page 7

COVER: ELEPHANT SEALS
Photograph by Richard Mack

These soft-eyed beauties, curiously watching the activities of Photographer Richard Mack, are representative of the remarkable comeback from near extinction of their species. For more on them, their Guadalupe Island home, and their cousins, the rare Townsend seals, turn to page 16

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THE FIGHT NOBODY SAW FOR FREE

That was Spider Webb and Rory Calhoun in the Czar Palace last week

FIERY ADVENTURE AT SEA

ETNA BOWEN's ship-to-shore report of the rescue of the CELEBRIS

SPECTACLE: SEAL HAVEN

In hot and IN COLOR, a major wildlife discovery. By JOHN O'REILLY

HERE COMES THE KHARKOV

First look at the latest Soviet surprise—a brand-new racing car

THE MAN WHO MUST BE DIFFERENT

It's Bill Russell, basketball's sensitive star. By JEREMIAH TAX

SKIING: ALONE WITH THE KINGS

MORTY LAMM joins the world champions and America's Bud Werner

WORLD SPORT'S BIG YEAR

Some reflections by COLIN PINNEY, and a chart of 1958 rankings

FINDING A GOLFER NAMED GOOSIE

A bold newcomer comes on the scene at Calcutta. By JAMES MURRAY

SUN SET, UNDER 6

In photographs by NINA LEBY, the latest in kiddie clothes in Florida

GREEKS AMONG THE IVY

An insight into the Ivy League's troubled football morals. By CECIL J. BURKE

THE DEPARTMENTS

● SCOREBOARD	5	● TIP FROM THE TOP	46
● SNOW PATROL	7	● SONNIE PRUDEN	48
● COMING EVENTS	9	● CARDS ON THE TABLE	54
● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	21	● THE 19TH HOLE	62
● WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	26	● PAT ON THE BACK	66

NEXT WEEK

**NEW INDIAN CHIEF
IN OLD HAVANA**

At Cleveland's Bobby Bragan asks is a chance to win. A report from Cuba on his adventures there and his plans for the American League

PLUS

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE YEAR'S BIGGEST BASKETBALL BATTLE: KANSAS AGAINST KANSAS STATE



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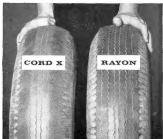
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MEMO from the publisher



DISCOVERED among the recumbent figures on these dark sands is John O'Reilly, donkey breeder (SI, July 8, 1957), baseball reporter (SI, April 1, 1957), friend to whooping cranes (SI, Nov. 21, 1955) and, of late, seal watcher.

For reasons that become clear below the lines of his story in this week's issue, O'Reilly is far from lying down on the job. On the contrary, the assignment he covers (with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Photographer Dick Meek) began about a year ago, when he was energetically scouting in the West for forthcoming events and discoveries in the world of nature. Professor Carl Hubbe, head of the famous Scripps Institution of Oceanography, was outfitting an expedition to cruise some miles off the coast of Lower California to a rocky group of islands inhospitable to man but friendly to seals. Reports had come from these islands that the Townsend fur seal, a species feared extinct, had been rediscovered. O'Reilly asked to accompany the scientists and was accepted.

Recently, when I asked O'Reilly's whereabouts to get from him some anecdotes of the expedition, I was told that he was in Nassau, having been invited by a group of naturalists to consult on the establishment of a Caribbean national park, a sort of open water aquarium or wildlife reservation off the Bahamas. This holds the promise of some equally fascinating O'Reilly, I am sure, later this year.

Seal watcher O'Reilly is also a bird watcher of renown. The most renowned of them all, Roger Tory Peterson, had this to say in his introduction to *The Biggest Bird Watch*, an O'Reilly article from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that has been included in Peterson's new *Bird Watcher's Anthology*.

"O'Reilly is perhaps the most satisfying natural history reporter among American newsmen. Whereas the press too often takes the view that unnatural history is more palatable than natural history, O'Reilly has always insisted that the straight untouched version makes the best reading."

Some of the straightest and best begins on page 18.

Harry R. Phillips

SNOW PATROL

Sliding across the country—reports complete through the preceding weekend.
Be sure to check resorts for latest snow conditions before starting out on ski trip

UP—Index of snow on upper slopes and trails LO—Index of snow on lower slopes and trails CR—Index of snow on ski lift runs

EAST

Whitefish, N.Y. Governor Harrison dedicated dedication ceremonies for the new two-stage chair lift, then ran down Northeast trail in officially open 105th million worth of facilities at area. Chair will run daily. Warning ledge will be open full time. Nearest of the 600 beds within five miles are at Sportman's Inn outside Wilmington. Lake Placid, nine miles away, has hotels. UP 22, LO 7, CR 1,000.

Marble Mt., N.Y. Will run only weekends to reach overflow from Whitefish.

Raquette, N.Y. Skiing good. New T bar has been down on working line. UP 3, LO 8.
Stowe, Vt. Skiing best weekend on Land and Sterling trails. Guests at Eden Hill Manor chartering Sno-Cat tractors for modern version of sleigh ride. UP 45.

Mad River Glen, Vt. All trails good. Skiers report Head X-T pilot model fine for most conditions. UP 45, LO 35.

Pow Peak, Vt. New T bar may go into operation by this weekend. UP 28, LO 12, CR 500.

Okemo, Vt. All trails in top shape. UP 60.

Burke Mt., Vt. Middlebury favored to win eastern college ski meet here Feb. 1-3. UP 30, LO 25, CR 600.

Big Bromley, Vt. Five-day learn-to-ski week for 145, including lift rides, lodging, proving popular. UP 3, LO 4, SN 2.

Mt. Snow, Vt. All trails good except for wind-blown Snow Bowl. Ka-Bar-Mat-Cat Coach V.L. Proper, ski-shop manager here, teaches free classes for school children Tuesdays.

Bennington, Vt. Mildwest rains hardened base, riding still good. UP 3, LO 5, CR 340.

Windsor, N.H. Mrs. Lane Dreiner, wife of Governor Dreiner, cracked champagne there over first gondola car to christen lift which will run daily. Main dedication speech given by Robert King, executive of the 1960 Olympic Organizing Committee. UP 44, LO 41, CR 1,500.

Dartmouth Skiway, N.H. Dartmouth's Winter Carnival runs here Feb. 1-3. UP 28, LO 12.

Canaan Mt., N.H. All trails good to excellent. UP 50, LO 18, CR 1,000.

Buckley, N.H. Excellent skiing. UP 50, LO 4.

Summit, N.H. Area having best skiing in recent years. UP 50, LO 11, CR 1,300.

Cranmore, N.H. Skiing good. Skiers' racing of Colman Trophy here Feb. 2. UP 25.

Watkinsville, N.H. Tests headed overflow from new crowded area without piling up waiting lines. UP 31, LO 12, CR 200.

Sugarloaf, Maine Skiing excellent, top and bottom lifts running. UP 49, LO 38, CR 500.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Good skiing on hard-packed base. Hard stria points increasingly popular. UP 34, LO 15.

Lac Seul, N.Y. Skiing running slopes early and late to make-up for December snow drought. UP 23, LO 10, CR 750.

Mount Tremblant, Que. Skiing good on north side, but on south last weekend. Ryan Cup here Feb. 2. UP 25, LO 4, CR 750.

St. Agathe, Que. Good to excellent. Laurette Iles and Manor House had outdoor parties to celebrate St. Agathe Winter Carnival.

Steiger, Que. Skiing fair. UP 28, LO 15.

Les Deux Portes, Que. Skiing excellent. Big events booked reservations for the Quebec Winter Carnival this weekend.

MIDWEST

Byron, Mich. College students on popular vacation skimped area, had good skiing.

Brude Mt., Mich. Skiing excellent. UP 3, LO 35.

Presque Isle, Mich. Twin T bar installation proving capable of handling increasing crowds this season. UP 8, LO 12.

Charlevoix, Mich. Sno-Cat Ski Club of Chicago, Midwest's largest, holding annual meet here Feb. 1. UP 3, LO 3.

Skunkard Valley, Wis. UP 7, LO 18.

Tahquamenon, Wis. Twenty-four-hour grooming with Sno-Cat has kept skiing good. Area has biggest crowds ever. UP 5, LO 10.

Lafayette, Minn. Enclosed heated swimming pool popular with ski guests. UP 3, LO 4.

WEST

San Valley, Idaho Skiing excellent on all trails and slopes. Bigt Engi Ski School has been incorporating parts of Austrian snowplow into teaching technique here. Engi said that advanced skiers are having "the time of their



VETERAN JUMPER Art Toke used new torpedo style to place on U.S. team going to Finland for world meet March 1. Tears competes for practice at Stamford, Maine Feb. 8.

Area's mastering Wednes. Available March reservations almost gone. Rooms can be had in Ketchikan hotels, including the brand-new Christmas Motor Lodge.

Magi Mt., Idaho Best skiing of the year. UP 44, LO 37, SN 4.

Bugan Basin, Idaho New Forsyth spreading word crowd got over while area. UP 67.

Alta, Utah Skiing excellent. Trend this year is to long baroque poles. Girls wearing ski-tight ski pants in preference to stretch materials. UP 70, LO 61, CR 1,100.

Brighton, Utah Young skiers converting collegiate flannels into ski knickers. Intermountain Junior guest skiers will be held Feb. 2. UP 45.

Big Mt., Wash. Best skiing of season. Great Northern RH special ski car brings large numbers of Chicago, Detroit and St. Paul skiers to area. Learn-to-ski week packages (350) booked into April. UP 60, LO 40, CR 650.

Aspen, Colo. All trails open except Silver Queen. Winterized carnival skiers, won by Alpine lodge team, provided torchlight parade and recreation held at Hotel Jerome.

Northstar, Colo. Skiing excellent. Trend is back to wood skis, with Kamlet popular. UP 35, LO 45, SN 7.

Steamboat Springs, Colo. Skiers running under lights report moguls show up better at night. El Rancho dance floor becoming favorite stop for night ski crowd. UP 50, LO 30, CR 550.

Winter Park, Colo. Skiing excellent. UP 50.

Limberlost Basin, Colo. UP 37, LO 30, CR 1,200.

Angelone Basin, Colo. UP 40, LO 38, SN 12.

East, Alta. Skiing poor last weekend, all trails needed more cover.

Tam, N. Mex. Skiing excellent. Tuxedo Ski Carnival here Feb. 2.

Sanita Pk., N. Mex. UP 60, LO 30, SN 25.

FAR WEST

Sierra Park, Wash. Deep powder covered whole area. Big skiers' party at Federation's Cabin. Skyline to raise funds for children's races in April under Stevens Madison. UP 54, LO 180.

White Pass, Wash. Record Saturday crowd. Schmaggar Gap skiers won by Joe Darr. CR 2,000.

Snoqualmie, Wash. Deep snow at lower altitudes, but skiing was good. Thunderbird Restaurant will have ski fashion show here Feb. 6. UP 104.

Mt. Baker, Wash. Avalanche hazard closed touring country. Waterproof socks being used to combat wet snows. UP 120, LO 112, SN 50, CR 350.

Mt. Lassen, Calif. Snow excellent. Poma and two ropes running daily except Monday and Tuesday.

Nevadly Valley, Calif. Excellent conditions

for first time this season. Midwest special ski package gives five days' travel, instruction, four nights' lodging for \$64. UP 33, LO 25.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. All slopes in excellent shape.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Skiing good. Nine snow buses running into area from San Francisco every weekend. Access road to valley smoothed, improved over early season.

Sierra, Nev. Skiing good on packed trails. Rough going on unpacked slopes. UP 40.

Mt. Baldy, Calif. Area will open this weekend if new snow keeps coming.

Dodge Ridge, Calif. UP 62, LO 30, SN 30.

Ridge Pass, Calif. UP 55, LO 35, SN 15.

Minner, Nev. Skiers: Deep new snow brought influx of ardent powder skiers. LO 55, UP 65, SN 25.

Mt. Hood, Ore. Skiing fair, snow very wet. At Timberline UP 118, SN 15, CR 1,000.

Grover Mt., B.C. All runs open. Vancouver Sun Ski School has top racers Al Morrison and Otmar Behner teaching here during ski weekends. UP 31, SN 38.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1—Don McLean; 2—Richard Malt; 3—The New York Times; 4—Molson Brew Co.; 5—A.P. Co.; 6—A.P. Co.; 7—A.P. Co.; 8—A.P. Co.; 9—A.P. Co.; 10—A.P. Co.; 11—A.P. Co.; 12—A.P. Co.; 13—A.P. Co.; 14—A.P. Co.; 15—A.P. Co.; 16—A.P. Co.; 17—A.P. Co.; 18—A.P. Co.; 19—A.P. Co.; 20—A.P. Co.; 21—A.P. Co.; 22—A.P. Co.; 23—A.P. Co.; 24—A.P. Co.; 25—A.P. Co.; 26—A.P. Co.; 27—A.P. Co.; 28—A.P. Co.; 29—A.P. Co.; 30—A.P. Co.; 31—A.P. Co.; 32—A.P. Co.; 33—A.P. Co.; 34—A.P. Co.; 35—A.P. Co.; 36—A.P. Co.; 37—A.P. Co.; 38—A.P. Co.; 39—A.P. Co.; 40—A.P. Co.; 41—A.P. Co.; 42—A.P. Co.; 43—A.P. Co.; 44—A.P. Co.; 45—A.P. Co.; 46—A.P. Co.; 47—A.P. Co.; 48—A.P. Co.; 49—A.P. Co.; 50—A.P. Co.; 51—A.P. Co.; 52—A.P. Co.; 53—A.P. Co.; 54—A.P. Co.; 55—A.P. Co.; 56—A.P. Co.; 57—A.P. Co.; 58—A.P. Co.; 59—A.P. Co.; 60—A.P. Co.; 61—A.P. Co.; 62—A.P. Co.; 63—A.P. Co.; 64—A.P. Co.; 65—A.P. Co.; 66—A.P. Co.; 67—A.P. Co.; 68—A.P. Co.; 69—A.P. Co.; 70—A.P. Co.; 71—A.P. Co.; 72—A.P. Co.; 73—A.P. Co.; 74—A.P. Co.; 75—A.P. Co.; 76—A.P. Co.; 77—A.P. Co.; 78—A.P. Co.; 79—A.P. Co.; 80—A.P. Co.; 81—A.P. Co.; 82—A.P. Co.; 83—A.P. Co.; 84—A.P. Co.; 85—A.P. Co.; 86—A.P. Co.; 87—A.P. Co.; 88—A.P. Co.; 89—A.P. Co.; 90—A.P. Co.; 91—A.P. Co.; 92—A.P. Co.; 93—A.P. Co.; 94—A.P. Co.; 95—A.P. Co.; 96—A.P. Co.; 97—A.P. Co.; 98—A.P. Co.; 99—A.P. Co.; 100—A.P. Co.

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COMING EVENTS

JAN. 31-FEB. 9

■ TV ■ COLOR TV ■ NETWORK RADIO
All times E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31

Baseball

(Opening night game)
Cleveland vs. Kansas City, Cincinnati, Fla.
San Francisco vs. Los Angeles (Los Angeles), San Francisco.
(Philadelphia)
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Detroit vs. New York at Boston.
St. Louis at Cincinnati.

Boxing

• Tony Braxton vs. Tony Danza, light heavyweight, 10
• Mel, Bud, Ed, Charlie, New York, 12 a.m. (NBC).

Track & Field

• 100-yard dash, 200-yard dash, 400-yard dash, 800-yard dash, 1,600-yard dash, 3,200-yard dash, 6,400-yard dash, 12,800-yard dash, 25,600-yard dash, 51,200-yard dash, 102,400-yard dash, 204,800-yard dash, 409,600-yard dash, 819,200-yard dash, 1,638,400-yard dash, 3,276,800-yard dash, 6,553,600-yard dash, 13,107,200-yard dash, 26,214,400-yard dash, 52,428,800-yard dash, 104,857,600-yard dash, 209,715,200-yard dash, 419,430,400-yard dash, 838,860,800-yard dash, 1,677,721,600-yard dash, 3,355,443,200-yard dash, 6,710,886,400-yard dash, 13,421,772,800-yard dash, 26,843,545,600-yard dash, 53,687,091,200-yard dash, 107,374,182,400-yard dash, 214,748,364,800-yard dash, 429,496,729,600-yard dash, 858,993,459,200-yard dash, 1,717,986,918,400-yard dash, 3,435,973,836,800-yard dash, 6,871,947,673,600-yard dash, 13,743,895,347,200-yard dash, 27,487,790,694,400-yard dash, 54,975,581,388,800-yard dash, 109,951,162,777,600-yard dash, 219,902,325,555,200-yard dash, 439,804,651,110,400-yard dash, 879,609,302,220,800-yard dash, 1,759,218,604,441,600-yard dash, 3,518,437,208,883,200-yard dash, 7,036,874,417,766,400-yard dash, 14,073,748,835,532,800-yard dash, 28,147,497,671,065,600-yard dash, 56,294,995,342,131,200-yard dash, 112,589,990,684,262,400-yard dash, 225,179,981,368,524,800-yard dash, 450,359,962,737,049,600-yard dash, 900,719,925,474,099,200-yard dash, 1,801,439,850,948,198,400-yard dash, 3,602,879,701,896,396,800-yard dash, 7,205,759,403,792,793,600-yard dash, 14,411,518,807,585,587,200-yard dash, 28,823,037,615,171,174,400-yard dash, 57,646,075,230,342,348,800-yard dash, 115,292,150,460,684,697,600-yard dash, 230,584,300,921,369,395,200-yard dash, 461,168,601,842,738,790,400-yard dash, 922,337,203,685,477,580,800-yard dash, 1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600-yard dash, 3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200-yard dash, 7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400-yard dash, 14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800-yard dash, 29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600-yard dash, 59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200-yard dash, 118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400-yard dash, 236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800-yard dash, 472,236,648,286,964,521,369,600-yard dash, 944,473,296,573,929,042,739,200-yard dash, 1,888,946,593,147,858,085,478,400-yard dash, 3,777,893,186,295,716,170,956,800-yard dash, 7,555,786,372,591,432,341,913,600-yard dash, 15,111,572,745,182,864,683,827,200-yard dash, 30,223,145,490,365,729,367,654,400-yard dash, 60,446,290,980,731,458,735,308,800-yard dash, 120,892,581,961,462,917,470,617,600-yard dash, 241,785,163,922,925,834,941,235,200-yard dash, 483,570,327,845,851,669,882,470,400-yard dash, 967,140,655,691,703,339,764,940,800-yard dash, 1,934,281,311,383,406,679,529,921,600-yard dash, 3,868,562,622,766,813,359,059,843,200-yard dash, 7,737,125,245,533,626,718,119,706,566,400-yard dash, 15,474,250,491,067,253,436,239,413,132,800-yard dash, 30,948,500,982,134,506,872,478,826,265,600-yard dash, 61,897,001,964,269,013,744,957,652,531,200-yard dash, 123,794,003,928,538,027,489,915,305,062,400-yard dash, 247,588,007,857,076,054,979,830,610,124,800-yard dash, 495,176,015,714,152,109,959,660,120,249,600-yard dash, 990,352,031,428,304,219,919,320,240,489,200-yard dash, 1,980,704,062,856,608,439,838,640,480,978,400-yard dash, 3,961,408,125,713,216,879,677,280,956,956,800-yard dash, 7,922,816,251,426,433,759,354,561,913,913,600-yard dash, 15,845,632,502,852,867,518,709,122,827,827,200-yard dash, 31,691,265,005,705,735,037,418,245,655,654,400-yard dash, 63,382,530,011,411,470,074,036,491,311,308,800-yard dash, 126,765,060,022,822,940,148,072,982,622,617,600-yard dash, 253,530,120,045,645,880,296,145,965,945,235,200-yard dash, 507,060,240,091,291,760,592,291,931,890,470,400-yard dash, 1,014,120,480,182,583,521,183,583,863,780,940,800-yard dash, 2,028,240,960,365,167,042,367,167,767,561,881,600-yard dash, 4,056,481,920,730,334,084,734,334,535,123,363,200-yard dash, 8,112,963,841,460,668,468,468,670,246,726,726,400-yard dash, 16,225,927,682,921,336,936,937,340,493,453,452,800-yard dash, 32,451,855,365,842,673,873,874,680,986,906,905,600-yard dash, 64,903,710,731,685,347,747,749,361,973,813,811,200-yard dash, 129,807,421,463,370,694,495,498,723,947,627,622,400-yard dash, 259,614,842,926,741,389,990,991,447,855,255,244,800-yard dash, 519,229,685,853,482,779,981,982,895,710,510,489,600-yard dash, 1,038,459,371,706,965,559,963,965,781,421,020,979,200-yard dash, 2,076,918,743,413,931,119,927,931,562,842,041,958,400-yard dash, 4,153,837,486,827,862,239,854,863,125,684,083,916,800-yard dash, 8,307,674,973,655,724,479,709,728,251,369,167,833,600-yard dash, 16,615,349,947,311,448,958,419,456,502,738,334,667,200-yard dash, 33,230,699,894,622,897,917,838,913,005,467,668,400-yard dash, 66,461,399,789,245,795,835,677,010,935,135,336,800-yard dash, 132,922,799,578,491,591,671,354,021,870,270,673,600-yard dash, 265,845,599,156,983,183,342,708,042,140,540,347,200-yard dash, 531,691,198,313,966,366,685,416,084,281,080,694,400-yard dash, 1,063,382,396,627,932,733,370,832,168,160,170,138,800-yard dash, 2,126,764,793,255,865,466,740,166,336,320,356,277,600-yard dash, 4,253,529,586,511,730,933,480,332,672,712,712,554,400-yard dash, 8,507,059,173,023,461,866,960,665,344,424,424,108,800-yard dash, 17,014,118,346,046,923,733,920,133,068,848,848,217,600-yard dash, 34,028,236,692,093,847,467,840,266,136,677,677,435,200-yard dash, 68,056,473,384,187,694,935,680,532,273,355,370,400-yard dash, 136,112,946,768,375,389,871,360,106,546,710,740,740,870,800-yard dash, 272,225,893,536,750,779,742,720,213,093,421,481,481,741,600-yard dash, 544,451,787,073,501,559,484,440,426,186,842,962,962,883,200-yard dash, 1,088,903,574,147,003,118,968,880,852,372,685,925,925,766,400-yard dash, 2,177,807,148,294,006,237,937,760,704,745,371,851,851,532,800-yard dash, 4,355,614,296,588,012,475,875,520,140,890,743,703,703,065,600-yard dash, 8,711,228,593,176,024,951,751,040,281,781,407,407,131,200-yard dash, 17,422,457,186,352,049,903,502,080,563,563,804,203,600-yard dash, 34,844,914,372,704,199,807,004,160,112,727,607,607,262,400-yard dash, 69,689,828,745,408,399,614,008,320,225,455,215,214,524,800-yard dash, 139,379,657,490,816,799,228,016,440,450,910,430,428,800-yard dash, 278,759,314,981,633,598,456,032,900,860,860,860,857,600-yard dash, 557,518,629,963,267,196,912,064,180,170,170,170,165,200-yard dash, 1,115,037,259,926,534,393,824,320,360,340,340,340,330,400-yard dash, 2,230,074,519,853,068,787,648,640,720,680,680,680,660,800-yard dash, 4,460,149,039,706,137,575,296,128,136,136,136,132,000-yard dash, 8,920,298,079,412,275,151,584,256,272,272,272,264,000-yard dash, 17,840,596,158,824,550,303,168,544,544,544,528,000-yard dash, 35,681,192,317,649,100,606,336,108,108,108,104,000-yard dash, 71,362,384,635,298,201,212,672,216,216,216,208,000-yard dash, 142,724,769,270,596,402,425,344,432,432,432,416,000-yard dash, 285,449,538,541,192,804,850,688,864,864,864,832,000-yard dash, 570,899,077,082,385,609,700,137,728,728,728,704,000-yard dash, 1,141,798,154,164,771,219,400,275,456,456,456,408,000-yard dash, 2,283,596,308,329,542,438,800,550,912,912,912,816,000-yard dash, 4,567,192,616,659,084,877,600,110,182,182,182,163,200-yard dash, 9,134,385,233,318,168,755,200,220,364,364,364,326,400-yard dash, 18,268,770,466,636,337,510,400,440,728,728,728,652,800-yard dash, 36,537,540,933,272,675,020,800,880,145,145,145,130,400-yard dash, 73,075,081,866,545,350,040,176,180,180,180,160,800-yard dash, 146,150,163,733,090,700,080,352,360,360,360,321,600-yard dash, 292,300,327,466,180,140,160,704,720,720,720,643,200-yard dash, 584,600,654,932,360,280,320,140,144,144,128,400-yard dash, 1,169,201,309,864,720,560,640,280,288,288,288,256,800-yard dash, 2,338,402,619,729,440,112,128,560,576,576,576,513,600-yard dash, 4,676,805,239,458,880,224,256,112,114,114,112,000-yard dash, 9,353,610,478,917,760,448,512,224,228,228,228,224,000-yard dash, 18,707,220,957,835,520,896,102,448,104,104,104,100,000-yard dash, 37,414,441,915,671,040,179,204,208,208,208,200,000-yard dash, 74,828,883,831,342,080,358,408,416,416,416,400,000-yard dash, 149,657,767,662,684,116,716,832,832,832,800,000-yard dash, 299,315,535,325,368,232,143,166,166,166,160,000-yard dash, 598,631,070,650,736,464,286,332,332,332,320,000-yard dash, 1,197,262,141,301,472,928,572,664,664,664,640,000-yard dash, 2,394,524,282,602,945,856,114,528,116,116,116,112,000-yard dash, 4,789,048,565,205,891,712,228,104,108,108,104,000-yard dash, 9,578,097,130,411,783,424,256,208,216,216,216,208,000-yard dash, 19,156,194,260,823,566,848,512,416,424,424,424,416,000-yard dash, 38,312,388,521,647,133,696,102,832,848,848,848,832,000-yard dash, 76,624,777,043,294,267,384,204,166,168,168,168,160,000-yard dash, 153,249,554,086,588,534,768,408,332,336,336,336,320,000-yard dash, 306,499,108,173,177,068,816,816,664,672,672,672,656,000-yard dash, 612,998,216,346,354,136,163,232,236,236,236,232,000-yard dash, 1,225,996,432,692,708,272,326,464,472,472,472,464,000-yard dash, 2,451,992,865,385,416,544,652,928,936,936,936,928,000-yard dash, 4,903,985,730,770,832,108,130,132,132,132,128,000-yard dash, 9,807,971,461,541,664,216,260,264,264,264,256,000-yard dash, 19,615,942,923,083,328,432,520,524,524,524,512,000-yard dash, 39,231,885,846,166,656,864,104,108,108,104,000-yard dash, 78,463,771,692,333,312,170,216,220,220,220,216,000-yard dash, 156,927,543,384,666,624,340,432,436,436,436,432,000-yard dash, 313,855,086,769,333,248,680,464,472,472,472,464,000-yard dash, 627,710,173,538,666,496,136,928,936,936,936,928,000-yard dash, 1,255,420,347,077,333,992,272,170,174,174,174,168,000-yard dash, 2,510,840,694,154,666,984,344,368,372,372,372,368,000-yard dash, 5,021,681,388,309,333,968,688,736,744,744,744,736,000-yard dash, 10,043,362,776,618,666,193,672,688,696,696,696,688,000-yard dash, 20,086,725,553,237,333,386,136,140,140,140,136,000-yard dash, 40,173,451,106,474,666,772,272,280,280,280,272,000-yard dash, 80,346,902,212,949,333,154,544,552,552,552,544,000-yard dash, 160,693,804,425,898,666,308,108,112,112,112,108,000-yard dash, 321,387,608,851,797,333,616,216,220,220,220,216,000-yard dash, 642,775,217,703,594,666,123,432,436,436,436,432,000-yard dash, 1,285,550,435,407,189,333,246,864,872,872,872,864,000-yard dash, 2,571,100,870,814,378,666,492,170,174,174,174,168,000-yard dash, 5,142,201,741,628,757,333,984,384,392,392,392,384,000-yard dash, 10,284,403,483,257,514,666,968,768,776,776,776,768,000-yard dash, 20,568,806,966,515,028,133,193,196,196,196,192,000-yard dash, 41,137,613,933,030,056,266,386,392,392,392,384,000-yard dash, 82,275,227,866,060,112,772,776,780,780,780,772,000-yard dash, 164,550,455,732,120,224,154,158,158,158,156,000-yard dash, 329,100,911,464,240,448,308,316,316,316,312,000-yard dash, 658,201,822,928,480,896,616,624,624,624,616,000-yard dash, 1,316,403,645,856,960,179,232,632,640,640,640,632,000-yard dash, 2,632,807,291,712,192,358,464,126,130,130,130,126,000-yard dash, 5,265,614,583,424,384,716,928,936,944,944,936,000-yard dash, 10,531,229,166,848,768,143,184,188,188,184,000-yard dash, 21,062,458,333,696,152,368,376,380,380,380,376,000-yard dash, 42,124,916,667,392,304,376,736,744,744,744,736,000-yard dash, 84,249,833,334,784,608,752,147,150,150,150,148,000-yard dash, 168,499,666,668,156,120,150,304,308,308,308,304,000-yard dash, 336,999,333,336,312,240,300,608,616,616,616,612,000-yard dash, 673,998,666,672,624,480,600,121,122,122,120,000-yard dash, 1,347,997,333,344,128,960,120,242,244,244,240,000-yard dash, 2,695,994,666,688,256,192,244,484,488,488,484,000-yard dash, 5,391,989,333,376,512,384,488,496,496,496,492,000-yard dash, 10,783,978,666,752,1024,976,976,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 21,567,957,333,1504,1952,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 43,135,914,666,3008,3904,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 86,271,829,333,6016,7808,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 172,543,658,666,12032,15616,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 345,087,317,333,24064,31232,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 690,174,634,666,48128,62464,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 1,380,349,269,333,96256,124928,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 2,760,698,538,666,192512,249856,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 5,521,397,077,333,385024,499712,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 11,042,794,154,666,770048,999424,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 22,085,588,309,333,1540096,1998848,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 44,171,176,618,666,3080192,3997696,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 88,342,353,237,333,6160384,7995392,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 176,684,706,474,666,12320768,15990784,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 353,369,412,949,333,24641536,31981568,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 706,738,825,898,666,49283072,63963136,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 1,413,477,651,797,333,98566144,127926272,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 2,826,955,303,594,666,197132288,255852544,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 5,653,910,607,189,333,394264576,511705088,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 11,307,821,214,378,666,788529152,1023410176,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 22,615,642,428,757,333,1577058304,2046820352,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 45,231,284,857,515,028,3154116608,4093640704,976,984,984,984,984,976,000-yard dash, 90,462,569,713,03

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3

Basketball

(Leading college games)
 Arizona vs. Stanford, Tucson, Ariz.
 Miami-Okla. vs. Baylor, Oxford, Okla.
 Temple vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia
 (Professional)
 Cleveland at Boston
 Philadelphia at Milwaukee

Boxing

• Ralph Duran vs. George Chapiro, welterweight, 12 rds., Norfolk, Va., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey

(Leading college games)
 Army vs. Boston, West Point, N.Y.
 Brown vs. Harvard, Providence, R.I.
 Yale vs. Boston College, New Haven, Conn.

Horse Racing

California Breeders' Championship, \$50,000, 2 yr., 4-5 yr., 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.
 The Baltimore, \$25,000, 2 yr., 4-5 yr., 7 furlongs, Hialeah, Fla.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4

Hockey

Chicago at Boston.
 Montreal at Detroit.

Owl

Toronto Open, \$11,500, Toronto, Nov. 6 through Feb. 10.

Baseball

United States Baseball League Championship, Boston.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)
 Georgetown vs. Duke, Durham, N.C.
 Kentucky vs. North Carolina, Durham, N.C.
 Virginia vs. Maryland, Charlottesville, Va.
 (Professional)
 Cleveland vs. Philadelphia, Detroit vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia
 Milwaukee vs. Boston, New York vs. Sacramento, at Boston

Boat Show

Chicago National Boat Show, Chicago (through Feb. 10)

Boxing

• Felix Gomez vs. Larry Gentry, lightweight, 12 rds., Montreal, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey

(Leading college games)
 University of California, Berkeley vs. Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Michigan Tech vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich. (also Feb. 6)
 Minnesota vs. Michigan, Minneapolis (also Feb. 10)
 St. Lawrence vs. RPI, Canton, N.Y.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

Basketball

(Leading college games)
 Arizona vs. West, Fresno State, Calif.
 Kentucky vs. Columbia, Columbia, S.C.
 • Duke vs. North Carolina, Durham, N.C., 7 p.m. (Atlantic Coast Conference Playoffs, Sports Network, Inc.)
 Syracuse vs. Boston, P. Dilligall
 Indiana vs. Michigan State, Bloomington, Ind.
 Kansas vs. Nebraska, Lawrence, Kan.
 Kansas State vs. Iowa State, Manhattan, Kan.
 Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Lexington, Ky.
 North Carolina State vs. South Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
 Oklahoma State vs. Utah, Stillwater, Okla.
 St. Joseph's vs. Connecticut, Philadelphia
 St. Louis vs. Wichita, St. Louis, Mo.
 Tennessee vs. Mississippi State, Knoxville, Tenn.
 Wake Forest vs. Maryland, Winston-Salem, N.C.
 (Professional)
 Cleveland at New York
 • St. Louis at Syracuse, 8 p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

Florida City Golden Bear, Orlando

Hockey

Boston at Toronto
 Chicago at Montreal
 New York at Detroit

Horse Racing

• Delaware Handicap, \$50,000, 3 yr., 4-5 yr., 1 1/4 m., Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (ABC)
 • Santa Anita Handicap, \$25,000, 2 yr., 4-5 yr., 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif. (CBS, Pacific Coast Regional)

Shooting

North American Nordic Championships, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario (also Feb. 10)

Tennis

Proctor, Fred in. Toronto, San Francisco

Track & Field

Midwest Games, Mar. 20, Boston, New York

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Auto Racing

NASCAR International Safety & Performance Trials, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through Feb. 10)

*See Sat. Page



Roy Jackson-Moore wears the Jantzen "sports car" shirt and smart English walkers

Roy Jackson-Moore, former Britisher and current holder of more than 100 records in the Austin Healey, reflects the sportsman's reaction to Jantzen sportswear styles.

He is wearing an absorbent and comfortable cotton mesh shirt with the Italian collar, which has the quiet distinction that the true sports car sportsman demands. The shoulders are roomy and free-swinging, so that fast cornering is easy and comfortable. The striping is colorful—in red, royal or brown, each with black and white: sizes S-M-L, \$4.95.

Regarding the walkers. Note the sports car clan at sports car events, and you'll see that more and more

are wearing Jantzen walkers like this cool super-barley that sells for \$5.95 in sizes 36 to 44. Bigger men, bigger prices: sizes 46 to 52, \$8.95.

This shirt and walker set is available at better men's stores. Take off in your sports car and get yours.



Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Ore.

THE FIGHT NOBODY SAW FOR FREE

Spider Webb and Rory Calhoun, contenders for Carmen Basilio's

by MARTIN KANE

middleweight crown, rocked the Cow Palace with a furious fight

TELEVISION'S BOXING FANS, subsisting on a diet of processed cheese, haven't been treated to a truly nourishing fist fight since Archie Moore last made the weight. On the other hand, those who pay to see talent have been faring well. In Boston, the paying customers have been privileged to witness two thrilling battles between welterweights Virgil Akira and Tony DeMarco, one of them last week. And in San Francisco last week they saw an even more rousing middleweight fight between Spider Webb and Rory Calhoun.

There are good reasons why untelevised boxing is generally far superior to the lackluster stuff ordinarily televised on Wednesday and Friday nights. To attract a profitable gate the inde-

pendent promoter must lead his market to believe that something superior to the free fights will be seen in his arena. He must also pay good fighters far more than the \$4,000 pittance they get for TV fights. (Smart managers won't risk a good fighter against a good opponent for such a fee, which is why you so often see top-ranked fighters in there against worn-out bums or tyros.) Since the fan who pays is a sophisticated fellow he will not be enticed out of his cozy home by an inferior lure. The independent impresario lives, therefore, by an old art called matchmaking and by an old capitalist principle that he who wisely risks his money may make a profit. Superior matchmaking is not neces-

sary on TV, since the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) lives on a guaranteed annual pension paid by its sponsors.

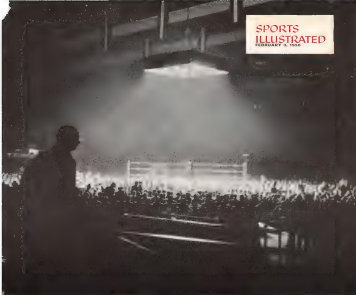
So the predictably exciting Webb-Calhoun fight drew 9,352 paying customers into the Cow Palace, and each fighter took 25% of net \$43,583.97, biggest payday either has ever had.

The bout went less than four rounds, but the famous Dempsey-Virgo fight went less than two. The virtue of a fight is not measured in terms of its duration except by television sponsors, whose commercial time is so valuable that a fight is considered most successful when it goes the distance.

For a look at the fight nobody saw for free, regard these pictures:



CALHOUN (BLACK TRUNKS) TOOK THE INITIATIVE AND A ZINGING RIGHT CROSS BUT SOON DROPPED GIBBS WITH A SHORT RIGHT.



GIVING THE FANS THEIR MONEY'S WORTH, PROMOTERS GROSSED A PLEASING \$80,070.50 WHILE HAPPY SAN FRANCISCANS CHEERED



HIS HEAD FULL OF CORNERS, SPIDER WAS UP AT NINE AND SURVIVED BECAUSE SEVERAL OF CALKINS' HAYMAKERS MISSED THE CHIN



FOR REST OF FIGHT, TURN PAGE



ROUND 2



ROCKY ROARED INTO ACTION WHILE WEBB BACKED AND EVADED A LONG RIGHT. AN EVEN LONGER RIGHT SHIPPED SPIDER FOR NINE.

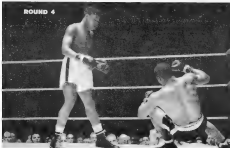


ROUND 3



CALHOUN WON THE THIRD ROUND ALSO, PARTLY BECAUSE WEBB, A SLEVER BOXER-PUNCHER, HAD JABBED FROM MUCH TOO FAR OUT.

SPIDER CORNERED CALHOUN IN THE FOURTH. HE JABBED, JABBED, HOOKED, AND THEN CROSSED WITH A SHORT RIGHT TO THE CHIN.



ROUND 4





EVEN SO, BRIDE DIDN'T HURT THIS TIME. BRIDE ROSE ONCE MORE AND BACKPEALED CLEVERLY, SHIMMERING AND SLIPPING WITH EASE



EVEN SO, BRIDE PROVED THAT CALHOUN, AN OX-LIKE PARAGON OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPEED, COULD NOT OUTKICK OR BOX HIM

UP AFTER A SLOW NINE, DROGGY BODY WAS FLICKED WITH TWO LEFTS, THEN CAUGHT A RIGHT THAT KAYOED HIM WITHOUT A COUNT



FIERY ADVENTURE AT

Four days after the start of the San Diego-Annapolis ocean race (see also p. 26), fire broke out aboard the ketch Collier and quickly engulfed her. Only other yacht within reach was the yawl Escapade, leaving SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Kim Brown. Here is as much of the story as Brown was able to tell over a crackling ship-to-shore radio-telephone circuit before Escapade's battery ran low:

AT 12:42 p.m. last Thursday the port watch of the 69-foot racing ketch *Collier* was below preparing for noon chow. Their ship was leading at the halfway mark in the 3,449-mile San Diego-to-Annapolis race. One of the crew, Nikita Kurbatovsky, had just hit the deck and was standing beside his bunk in his underwear. The fire had not yet been discovered.

Topside, the skipper of *Collier*, John Hedden, was huddled in the cockpit with crewman Dennis Jordan. The two were discussing their chances of pulling away from the yawl *Escapade*, which had been lagging their stern a mile and a half off for the past 12 hours. "I'm getting tired of looking at that damned *Escapade*," admitted Hedden.

Both ships were kicking along, rail down, on a 26-mile-an-hour wind, about 35 miles west of Cape San Lucas on the tip of the peninsula of Lower California, Mexico.

At that precise moment Captain Hedden noticed smoke up forward, apparently coming from the generator and the bilge. He went to the generator locker, opened it, and was assailed by leaping flames. The fire, fanned by the 25-mile breeze, pushed out onto the deck. Jordan, who was right behind Skipper Hedden, grabbed a fire extinguisher and pumped it dry, but his effort was useless. The flames spread awfully to the port watch companionway, blocking that exit for the six port watch crewmen below.

On *Escapade*, the crew was striving mightily to overtake *Collier*. It was now 12:42 p.m., and I was making my way forward. I looked up and saw a heavy column of gray-black smoke pouring into the sky. There could be only one reason: *Collier* was on fire. We called all hands on deck. The smoke was so thick I thought *Collier's* fuel tanks must have exploded. *Escapade's* skipper, James Camp, immediately

ordered the jib lowered, kicked on the auxiliary power and proceeded at full speed toward the smoke cloud.

When we drew close to the flaming *Collier* we could not spot a living soul aboard. It was an eerie feeling. I knew if there had been an explosion there would probably be no survivors.

When the spreading flames on *Collier* cut off the companionway as a means of escape for the six crewmen trapped below, they made their way to the forward hatch—and one of the bone-chilling moments of the whole drama took place. The hatch was closed and cranked shut. For precious seconds the six frantic crewmen pushed and clawed at the hatch cover. "It's locked from the outside!" one man cried in beseech despair. But it was not—just stuck. A great heave got it open, and the men scrambled gratefully to the deck.

Jordan and Captain Hedden, meanwhile, were trying to salvage life preservers from a burning locker. Though both got singed eyebrows and burned hands, they managed to get seven jackets and a ring before the heat drove them back. Other crewmen, at

BOTH "COLLIER" (LEFT IN FOREGROUND) AND "ESCAPADE" (RIGHT) GOT SOGGY STARTS AS THE 3,449-MILE OCEAN RACE TOOK OFF IN



SEA

The men of the racing ketch 'Celebes' considered the yard
'Escapade,' trailing astern, a cursed nuisance—until fire
swept up from below deck in the San Diego-Acapulco race

by EZRA BOWEN
(aboard the 'Escapade')

Hedden's command, grabbed the hal-yards to lower sail and slow speed, but the mainmast, pressed hard against the mast by the wind, would not come down. *Celebes* continued to make at least three knots.

Seeing that an attempt to lower canvas was useless, Hedden turned his attention to escape vessels. There was an aluminum skiff aboard, but it was too near the butane tanks in the locker. They might go up any minute.

But, fortunately, *Celebes* carried a life raft large enough to keep her 12 men afloat.

The flames had struck so swiftly that the time between the discovery of the fire and Hedden's order to abandon ship was no more than five minutes. Moreover, *Celebes* was unable to get a radio message out. The radio room was next to the generator and was filled with clouds of black smoke and heat too intense to enter. Captain Hedden said later, "I had a brief vision of a boy on a burning deck sending radio distress calls—and immediately rejected the idea."

At 12:47 p.m. Hedden gave the order to abandon ship.

As the crew prepared to launch the

life raft, they took one good long look toward *Escapade*, no longer a tiresome object. They saw *Escapade's* jib come down, but it was impossible to tell whether this was another one of *Escapade's* frequent racing change of sails or whether the billowing smoke cloud had been spotted.

When the raft hit the water, Captain Hedden and crew followed suit. Two men were stationed on the raft; the rest clung to lifelines around its edges. They struggled to paddle away from *Celebes*, which by now was engulfed in flame, so as to get out of range of the expected butane explosion. Meanwhile *Celebes*, still catching the wind, sailed away at three knots.

Jordan and Hedden were the last men to leave *Celebes*, but it was Nikita Kuzhelevsky, underwear and all, who had the presence of mind to remember the orange tarpaulin sail which was in the skiff. "I thought it would be useful as a marker," he explained.

It was, and it may have saved 12 lives.

For 20 or more minutes, the men clung to the tiny raft, not knowing whether *Escapade* would find them—or pursue instead the burning dweller.

Kuzhelevsky hoisted the orange tarpaulin on an oar. All eyes were on *Escapade* and her two distant masts. *Escapade* did seem to be following the empty *Celebes*. Then, as they watched, where they had seen two masts there was only one. The masts had come in line like the sights on a rifle, pointed at the raft and its orange tarpaulin. "Thank God," somebody said.

As we on *Escapade* lay off the burning wreck of *Celebes*, about 100 yards to windward, someone spotted the orange tarpaulin. If it had not been for that splash of color, we might never have seen the distant raft.

As the crew of *Celebes* clambered aboard *Escapade* to be given blankets, shirts and whisky, one of the rescued crewmen exclaimed, not without reverence: "You sons of bitches looked pretty good to us this time."

Escapade stood by the burning hull until it sank at 5:05 p.m., then signaled the Coast Guard that the gutted *Celebes* was no longer a menace to navigation.

Then, with 24 hands aboard this time, we went back to the sport of ocean racing. (E.B.B.)

SCREECH DOWN SAN DIEGO BAY



"ESCAPADE," on the horizon when the fire broke out, came up just in time to rescue *Celebes'* 12-man crew.



"CELEBES," a front runner in the Acapulco race, became a burning, drifting dweller.

SEAL HAVEN

by JOHN O'REILLY

An expedition to a mysterious group of volcanic islands brings back some magnificent pictures of the leviathan of the sea and a heartening report on the revival of a near-extinct species



PROUD SURVIVOR

A male Townsend seal barks his defiance at the enemy—man—which nearly exterminated his species. Slaughtered by sealers a century ago, the valuable fur seals are now staging a brave comeback.

DEAD AHEAD and towering above the low-lying mists of the morning were dark and rocky headlands. As our stubby ship, the *Orea*, bore down upon the island from the north, these grim promontories took on the tortured shapes and the primordial coloring of extinct volcanoes. The closer our vessel approached to the dramatic coastline the more weird the changing profile of the place became.

Those of us who had never visited Guadalupe Island before were utterly unprepared for the wild scenes revealed by the lifting haze. We had been so intrigued by accounts of the rediscovery of the Townsend fur seal, a creature declared to be extinct on several occasions, by the astonishing comeback of the elephant seals at this island haven and by the promise of other unusual animals of the coast and the deep that we had formed no mental picture of the island itself. But here in the early sunlight was a grotesque volcanic mass rivaling the finest islands of fiction. The *Nasfies* might have been harbored here, or Ben Gunn have roamed those deep ravines. It was hard to keep in mind that we had sailed only 220 miles southwest from San Diego and that the coast of Baja California was only 140 miles to the east.

The *Orea*, a 105-foot motor vessel, was once a Coast Guard icebreaker. Now she functions as part of the scientific fleet of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, a branch of the University of California at La Jolla, and aboard, under the leadership of Professor Carl L. Hubbs, the eminent biologist, were scientists from the Scripps Institution and the San Diego Museum of Natural History bent on a natural history survey of this Mexican island.

Throughout most of its meager history man had given Guadalupe Island a dirty deal. Early in the last century Russian sealers brought Aleut Indians from Alaska to take the fur seals in hundreds of thousands. Names of ships and dates scratched on buoys indicate that the crews of Yankee ships from New England also shared in the slaughter. Volcanic rocks worn smooth by the sliding bodies of generations of fur seals give evidence to the numbers that once were there. The massive elephant seals were killed in like numbers for their blubber.

Seal continued on p. 36

ASLEEP BY THE DEEP

Fat elephant seals doze and scratch themselves in the black volcanic sand on the shore of their island sanctuary off the coast of Mexico.





WILD COASTLINE

Expedition members are ferried from the ship to a rocky islet off the west coast of Gandulape where they sealed the cliffs to investigate nesting birds.

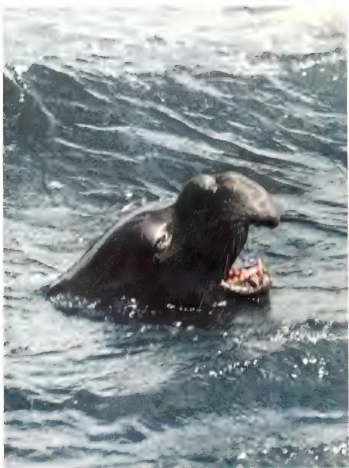
CLIFF DWELLER

California sea lion, surprised when the expedition launch approaches, dives gracefully into the surf. Sea lions have a rocky beach beneath the 700-foot cliff.

DON'T BOTHER US

Big-eared elephant seals huddle on the beach by the hundreds, play about in the surf and let the rest of the world go by. When disturbed, they belch.





SEA ELEPHANT

Mighty bull elephant and thrusts his head and bulbous trunk from the water breaking on Guadalupe Island. The biggest bulls weigh 5,000 pounds.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

LATEST NOTE ON THE U.S. ECONOMY

THIS MAGAZINE leaves to others definitive analysis of the U.S. economy as a whole but takes natural pride in reporting an economic note at the close of the National Boat Show in New York City (shortly to be followed by boat shows coast to coast): buyers at the New York boat show bought \$22,460,000 worth of boats and equipment—a rise of 12% over last year's record-breaking show.

The popular turnout on the final Saturday was so enthusiastic that one woman asked for her admission money back. "It's so crowded," she complained, "that I can't see the boats." "If anything sank at the boat show," said W. J. Webb, division manager of Evinrude, "it was the so-called recession."

ROUND AND ROUND

I DON'T FIGHT as though I've double-crossed myself," Jim Myers was saying last week as he climbed into his car to start the long drive to College Station, Texas.

Indeed, why should he? Only a few weeks before he had accepted a new five-year appointment as head football coach at Iowa State at an annual salary of \$16,000. He served under this agreement for a month or so before making a new one—to coach at Texas A&M for an estimated \$60,000 in salary and assorted fringe benefits.

Myers' acceptance of the Aggie football post was the anticlimactic denouement of one of the most crazy, mixed-up football stories since *Wrong Way Ringle's* ran wild.

During the past month Frank Leahy, Navy's Eddie Rinfrel and half a dozen other top-name coaches came, saw and declined the Aggie post. Myers, too, had been considered and had made a candidate's pilgrimage to

Texas, but the Aggie screening committee dropped him when it appeared there was a chance to get Rinfrel. Iowa State took Myers back like a prodigal son. Then Texas A&M bid again and Jim Myers whispered yes.

When the news got out at Iowa State, it made some people pretty mad. Indignant students hanged Myers in effigy. The president of the Iowa State Alumni Association, Douglas Graven, wrote Dr. M. T. Harrington, Texas A&M president, in tones of dripping irony: "If a coach does not have the moral fiber to adhere to a five-year obligation for more than a week, certainly we should expect the president of a college to have higher standards."

The furore caused Myers to do a little musing, himself.

"I don't think it's the proper thing," he said, "to say you're going to do something and then not do it."

Then as he waved farewell to his former associates at Iowa State, he commented matter-of-factly: "There may be a lot of people bitter, but that's their business."

You're confused? Just suppose you are an undergraduate at Iowa State, learning about character and the sanctity of contracts.

THE WICHITA CABAL

EVER SINCE a roving Kansan spotted some 6 foot and 11 inches of attenuated adolescence named Chamberlain in a Philadelphia high school, Kansan eyes in particular and those of basketball in general have been peered for another star like Wilt the Stilt. It was probably with this thought in mind that an alumnus of Wichita Uni-



versity a little over a year ago dropped a note to Basketball Coach Ralph Miller describing a young man he had just seen playing on the team of an all-Negro school in Amarillo, Texas. The boy in question, the note said in an offhand way, stood 6 feet 10 inches and seemed to be a competent basketball player. Did Coach Miller care?

The result was something akin to that which might occur if a Vladivostok scientist dropped a postcard to Khrushchev saying that he'd just

continued

THEY SAID IT . . .

- **THURMAN GIBSON** of the *IBC*, replying in a *Chicago* TV interview to a question as to who started the *IBC* craze: "Well, it's the sort of a thing that goes like *Topsy* . . . I don't think any one person could take the credit."
- **GOVERNOR AVERELL HARRIMAN**, New York's skiing governor, after a power failure left him hanging for half an hour high on a chair lift above the new *White-fur Mountains* ski area he was about to dedicate: "If anything goes wrong the first day, it's always a good practice to blame the governor."
- **RON DELANTY**, commenting on why he runs the mile to win, not necessarily for the record: "It's not that I don't want to run faster. The fact is, I'm just another guy freshman."
- **NATHAN M. PESEY**, president of *Harvard University*, after pointing to *Harvard's* more-than-doubling one-oil record in *Ivy League* competition: "I recognize, however, that for some this good record may not completely compensate for the sting of particular losses."

continued

take a trip around the moon and would the party have care to hear about it? Coach Miller, in short, was interested. The well-oiled wheels of athletic recruitment began to whirr. With the help of a Wichita alumnus who had once been one of the university's top Negro athletes, Miller succeeded in luring young Gene Wiley, the Texas giant, to Kansas to complete his high school education. The arguments employed were much the same as those used on Wilt Chamberlain: the promise of a better future and a better life. The only trouble was that Gene, who was no great shakes as a player, didn't even care much about basketball.

Nonetheless, the boy was 6 feet 10 inches tall, and, with this salient fact in mind, Coach Miller set about hatching his egg in strictest privacy. As everyone knows, this is an age of well-kept secrets. Only last week a scientist

once employed in Washington complained to a congressional committee investigating government secrecy that some casual notes he once made on his hobby, archery, were still on file under a top-secret classification in the capital. But even in an era of concealment, some seven feet of youth is a tough secret to keep on the campus of a Kansas high school—something like hoping a South American tender in full flight might go unnoticed in a kennel of bird dogs.

Miller and his alumni urged local newspapermen to keep mum about Gene, and, agitated by the thought of future bylines proclaiming a new Wilt the Stilt in their midst, the boys complied. Meanwhile, too old (b) to play in high school competition anyway, Gene appears only as a spectator at the East High gym and gets his workouts in scrub games at a local Y. Most of the time he keeps himself both busy and inconspicuous at odd jobs to support himself and at his

books in an effort to get to college.

What college? Well, that's just the point. Gene hasn't yet committed himself. What he really wants is to be a commercial artist. He's just beginning to think better about basketball, but he still gets knocked down a good deal even in those games at the Y. "I know it's all part of the game," he says, "but I'm just not used to it." But, he adds, "they do say I have a future here, not like in Amarillo." Even though Gene is not much of a basketball player even now, there is still that matter of his 6 feet 10 inches. With things being as they are—uncertain at best—it just seems best to all concerned to keep his presence in Kansas inconspicuous. "We just don't want a lot of people bothering the boy," is the way those most interested put it.

PLANNING SESSION

THE BLUE RUNWAY LIGHTS of Idlewild burned under the rain as the Cadillac bearing Cas D'Amato, manager of the heavyweight champion of the world, rided through the dark before morning, back to New York. D'Amato had gone to the airport to meet Harry The Horse Levene, the independent British fight promoter, only to discover that Levene's plane had arrived ahead of schedule and that he had already left for the city.

"I am teed off," said Cas D'Amato sourly. "I don't know why I love this business. It's like a girl friend you have. You love her but you don't know why. Maybe it's the motion. Prehistoric man, you know, was always on the move: hunting and fishing. He had to in order to eat. When he learned to preserve food, his eyes became less keen, his nose couldn't smell as good. He didn't have to move so much any more. When you stop moving, is when you start to die."

D'Amato slouched down in his seat and looked at the rain. "Maybe there is no Levene," he said. "Everything exists in your own mind. If we have not perceived him, perhaps he does not exist. I am teed off."

But there was a Harry Levene. He came later to D'Amato's Broadway apartment, as Cas slept on his day bed with a *Reader's Digest* as a pillow; an ebullient man of 58, with an assertive jaw, no lips to speak of, a great curved nose and skin the high color and sheen of a wax apple. He wore a blue suit with a stripe in it, a white shirt ribbed with mar- white and carried an envelope with the seating plans of London's Wembley Stadium in it.

NORRIS CLAIMS D'AMATO IS PLAYING CHESS WITH PATTERSON

—News Item



Levene had flown in from London to talk with D'Amato about a title defense for Floyd Patterson there this summer. He said he hoped that Patterson's opponent would be Joe Erskine, the British Empire champion.

"He's a good boy," Levene told D'Amato, "just under 14 stone, a 6-footer, very fast but not a puncher, you know. A very strong boy. He's a Welshman. Comes from Cardiff, you know. Oh, I can just picture those excursion trains coming in from Wales; all those miners. You don't know how Welshmen are, especially when they sing *Land of My Fathers*. Oh, what a spectacle it will be!"

The major cloud that could befog Levene's spectacle is that Erskine, who has been defeated only by Nino Valdes in a one-round knockout last February ("Ahem—I would rather not discuss that," shemmed Harry The House), is scheduled to meet Ingemar Johansson, the European champion, in his native Sweden this month. If Erskine is defeated, which is quite likely, Levene hopes to import an American contender for Patterson. This will surely mean that he will never be able to achieve the million-dollar gate he is dreaming of. "The biggest," as Levene grandly said, "in European boxing history."

If D'Amato was dismayed by this prospect, he did not admit it. "I am a man of some imagination," he announced. "They think things happen by accident, but they don't. I intend to box in Europe."

D'Amato's apartment quickly filled with those who were to accompany Levene to Patterson's camp at Greenwood Lake, N.Y. Pete Rademacher, Floyd's last opponent, was there, and his business associate Lucky McDaniel, the eminent shooting teacher (SL Aug. 19), and a dozen others.

"We Indians and Africans," an elderly Negro said, looking through the Venetian blinds at the rain, "believe in rain. It is a good omen." And everyone went downstairs and piled into cars to go to camp.

"No," Rademacher said, "I haven't seen Floyd since we fought. But I saw enough of him that night."

Greenwood Lake was under snow, fast turning to slush in the rain. Levene's car got stuck on the icy mountain road which leads to the camp, and he stood outside ruefully examining the scenery as they turned the car around before descending and approaching by another route.

When they got to camp, Patterson had finished working out and was

smearing Vaseline on the faces of four 10-year-olds he is teaching to box. McDaniel took Floyd outside to teach him to shoot. Patterson stood in the rain in green sunglasses, shooting with a BB gun at Alka-Seltzer tablets, Life-savers and aspirins that Lucky tossed in the air. After a while he began to hit them. "There's a trick to it," said Floyd. "Your eye."

"It's a shame you lost, Mr. Rademacher," said one of the 10-year-olds.

"Well," said Pete gently, "somebody has to lose, doesn't he?"

"Maybe Floyd will buy an air rifle," said the boy. "He bought us \$20 coats last year, didn't he?"

Harry Levene beamed and beamed and had his picture taken with everybody. Then he sat down for a meal of fried chicken, beer and elk steaks.

"I loathe beer," said an English companion of Levene's.

"At first appearance," Levene said, "you know, Patterson looks a smallish fellow. But I felt his arm and it was like feeling a bit of steel," and he looked down at his long, lustrous, black city shoes and at the ankle-high slush he would have to wade through to get to the car to take him back to the city.

Patterson stood yet in the dusk and rain, shooting aspirins to smithereens.

FACTS

ANGLERS have known for 500 years or so that trout get hungry when they're cold and lazy when they're warm. A University of Toronto biolo-

gist named Norman Baldwin has now formalized all this with the help of a thermometer and a vast supply of minnows. In 55° water Baldwin's trout gobbled up half their own weight in minnows in a week's time. Then Baldwin turned on the warm water, got his



controlled trout pool to 70° and poured in more minnows: Baldwin's trout could eat only a sixth of their weight in minnows that week.

Any fisherman can carry a thermometer; the real lesson of all this may be, if you have to fish in warm water, bring ice cubes.

CALIFORNIA TALK

EVERY JANUARY for the past 10 years Californians have felt their hopes and hearts quicken with the running of the San Vicente Handicap at Santa Anita Park. There is logic wrapped in the anticipation, for three of the last six Kentucky Derby winners (Hill Gail, Dan Patch and Swaps) ran in the Vicente.

Last week, when a handsome chestnut named Old Pueblo, just turned 3, came out for his Vicente, the hopes seemed a little higher than usual. Old Pueblo had started six races as a 2-year-old, won all six.

Well, he won the Vicente, too, and quite easily. So, as any Californian knows, he is following right along in the footsteps of the greatest horse in California history—Swaps. In 1955 Swaps won his last race as a 2-year-old, a sprint, at Santa Anita. Old Pueblo has done the same. Swaps came back in his next start in the Vicente and won that. Old Pueblo ditto. Swaps was undefeated throughout his career at Santa Anita. So far, so is Old Pueblo.

On March 8 Old Pueblo will try to duplicate Swaps's Santa Anita Derby victory. Then all he has to do is set a track record in the Kentucky Derby Trial and win the Derby on May 3. California is beginning to pop and crackle with people who think he can.

BIG PICTURE

EVERY DUCK HUNTER can tell whether the season just ended was a good one or not; he has only to ask himself whether he fared better or

continued



BRIDGE HEAD

You never study bridge at all
But I devour Gosses;
You make a random overcall
And I just keep on scorin'.
You play defenses like a lubber
While I fence with glee,
And yet who's won each single rubber?
Well, add it up—it's me!

—JAMES L. SMITH

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CONTINUED

worse than expected. But what about the U.S. season as a whole, over all the four great flyways and down the length of the country? Well, Atlantic Flyway hunters had fairly tough going. In Maine there just weren't as many ducks as usual; in Maryland the number of hunters was up and the number of ducks killed was down. North Carolina, however, found the season quite up to par. "Anybody who failed to get his limit," said one man, "was hunting on blizzard days. In blizzardy weather the shooting was good." Early-season hunters at Currituck Lake, N.C., sometimes find the weather so balmy that they lay aside their guns, pick up fishing rods, and cast from the blinds for largemouth bass.

Along the Mississippi Flyway, Wisconsin had a mediocre duck season but a very good year for geese. Arkansas, on the other hand, reported the best duck hunting in years. "The high water produced so many birds that 1957 exceeded expectations," said a member of the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission. But farther south, in Louisiana and Mississippi, high water in the form of winter floods led the ducks—which

were plentiful—to spread out all over the winter landscape and throw the hunting picture into confusion. Many blinds, used to advantage for years, were useless this winter. In Mississippi, things suddenly got better in the last 10 days of the season, but by that time many men had given up for the year.

The Pacific Flyway offered good shooting; there were many more ducks in Oregon than in 1956, and more were killed. Again, rain made it easy for ducks to avoid hunters' guns, though flooded cornfields offered fine hunting to those who could devise blinds in unaccustomed places and use their duck calls skillfully.

In California the total bag was higher than last year's. One hunter asked too much to put agons on all ponds in public shooting grounds giving their ducks in iron. He had, he said, waded casually into one of them to retrieve a duck, and had nearly drowned in the unsuspected depths.

The 1957 hunting was best of all along the big Central Flyway. In North Dakota 32,000 hunters averaged 12 birds each. Plentiful food and good weather evened out the season. (Sometimes the ducks, hurrying south, pass through the state in one or two big pushes.) There were an estimated

1,250,000 ducks in South Dakota at the November peak of migration. Farmers reported losing up to \$115 worth of corn a day to ducks. One hunter, heading home with his bag limit, was stopped by a farmer and asked to help chase the ducks out of his fields. Firecrackers and Roman candles, the farmer said, were ineffective. So, it developed, was a shotgun: the ducks simply moved off 30 or 40 yards and kept on eating.

In Nebraska a man bagged his limit in half an hour on two successive days. Texas reported a million and a half ducks at one time in the Texas Panhandle alone. Though enormous numbers of ducks kept within protected areas like National Wild Life Refuges and the King Ranch, there were enough elsewhere in Texas to make bag limits almost a certainty by Thanksgiving. Coastal shooting was off somewhat because of plentiful water throughout the state.

Viewed over-all, the 1957 duck season was split down the middle by the Mississippi River: it was fair to middling east of that dividing line, very good indeed to the west.

OPEN TENNIS STILL OPEN

CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS is as shy as a ground hog when it comes to getting out in the open. For years top-ranking court champions from Bill Tilden to Bill Talbert have plumped for open competition in which amateurs and pros alike could get together as in golf to determine the real champion. From time to time the United States Lawn Tennis Association itself has gazed thoughtfully at the matter, but always the old guard of amateur tennis has seen its own shadow and gone scuttling cautiously back into the silly fiction of pure amateurism.

As ground-hog day approaches once more, the situation is the same as ever. This is true despite the indication of a brand-new set of USLTA officers who have expressed themselves in favor of open tennis. Nothing positive has been done, of course, but everybody is still hoping. "The subject is dormant but not dead," said newly inducted President Victor Demsey. "We will keep abreast of the situation as best we can."

"You just can't kick the question over in a corner and ignore it," said his predecessor, retiring President Renville McMane, "just because the open tournament is an unpleasant subject to some people."



"But supposing Los Angeles trades you . . ."

WESTWARD HA!



... Here Comes the Kharkov

SPUTNIKs have not been the total preoccupation of U.S.S.R. engineering in recent months. Last week the Soviet unveiled a brand-new racing car, the Kharkov Six, in an arrestingly streamlined version designed for straight-away speed trials. Along with this history-making picture came the announcement that the Kharkov, under the lead foot of Vassili Nikitin (in cockpit above), has averaged 179 mph over a six-mile course—a speed respectable enough to justify entering it in its 2½-liter class in world competition. Indeed, this seems to be exactly what the Russians

have in mind. Last week officials of the Moscow Autoclub were fishing for invitations to Britain and Western Europe in behalf of a grand prix version of the Kharkov. Western racing clubs, eager to observe the first racing car the Soviet Union has ever offered in international competition, hustled out invitations. One of the first came from the British Automobile Racing Club—to the big international meet at Goodwood in April. There the Kharkov should get a test against the best from Britain, Italy, Germany and France, but not from the U.S. The U.S. produces no such racers.

GRASS ROOTS FITNESS BOOM

ARTHUR GODFREY, who can bring charm and humor even to a commercial, has captivated and inspired his sedentary coast-to-coast television and radio audience for the past two weeks with a daily personal demonstration of how to keep fit. Last Thursday, although he has a torn cartilage in his knee, he happily performed (right) several chin-ups on a trapeze, some sit-ups and 13 push-ups which his studio audience obligingly counted for him in chorus. "Hey, I'm getting healthy for you," he reminded them, urging them to send for Bonnie Prudden's fitness kit and get busy on their own shapes. That same day another fitness impulse hit the air in Providence (lower right), where Ballet Teacher Judith Maxwell led the stalwart Providence Reds hockey team in some exercises on a local television show.

Meanwhile, as a reminder of Russia's official dedication to fitness, came the charming pictures below of 13-year-old Nina Nikiforova, who has been awarded the awesome title of Master of Soviet Sports for skill in gymnastics.



GODFREY STRAINS to lift his 195 pounds off the floor and chin himself during his morning CBS television and radio show.



NINA NIKIFEROVA (center) accepts congratulations of the digital set in Moscow suburb upon becoming the youngest Master of Sports in the Soviet Union. Her new title

arouses the happy throng of well-wishers placed among the wife of Soviet children. At right, clearly enjoying herself, Nina demonstrates a supple-coiled handstand.





While his sister, Carmel Quinn, watches admiringly, the 54-year-old star goes through his push-up paces. At last, having suc-



fully executed a sit-up duet with Carmel in which they could lock their feet together, he laughs at his inability to do a sole sit-up.



HOCKEY PLAYERS bend awkwardly in their uniforms as they try, not too successfully, to imitate Judith Maxwell's grace-

ful motions during Betty Adams' *Presidents* television show, *The World Around Us*. Show continually stresses the value of fitness.



THE MAN WHO MUST BE DIFFERENT

Bill Russell is fighting his sensitivity about his race and his height while he nears the threshold of basketball greatness

by JEREMIAH TAX

BILL RUSSELL and Arnie Risen play a little game with each other when they meet. Russell crouches by Risen's side, looks up at him through fluttering eyelids and asks in a tone of mingled awe and innocence: "Gee, mister, just how tall are you, really?" Or the question will be: "Gosh, are you a basketball player?" Occasionally, Russell will use the old standby "Can you hear me up there?"—but the answer is always the same, and unprintable.

It is a game, but for Russell and Risen—both 6 feet 9 and teammates on the Boston Celtics professional basketball team—it is also an opportunity to relieve the strain of being polite to the endless number of people who follow them around all day with long, vacant stares and silly questions about their height.

Risen, a gentle, quiet man of 32, plays the game casually and in a low key. Russell gives himself away by the vigor with which he throws himself into the part of the questioner and the loud cackles of glee with which he greets Risen's answers. Bill Russell is desperately sensitive about his height—and about being a Negro. About standing taller than a world of smaller men, and standing out in a world of white men.

At the same time, he is aggressively proud of both. There is a constant warring within him—between the man who wants to run away and hide so no one will ever again call him a gnom or insult his race, and the man who glories in the remarkable feats he can accomplish with his long, elastic body and who wears his color like a banner.

He fears both extremes: he ducks out of the most innocent pigeonhole. "I don't want people to stereotype me ever," he says. "You know, they think that every time a colored man goes places, the first thing he does is get himself a Cadillac. I like a Cadillac. I drive 'em lots of times. But I wouldn't buy one—you couldn't give me one. I bought my Chrysler last year. . . . Like you take most people think a tall man always wears clothes too small for him—short in the sleeves, short in the pants, tight in the shoulders and all that jazz. . . . Not me. You ever see my suits? I get 'em all made special. I get 'em made too big, too long all over. . . . I always try to do things people say I won't do or I can't do."

In his 24 years, Russell has succeeded in doing most of the things he was sure that others felt were impossible, especially on a basketball court. But occasionally he has failed. Just a few months ago he was unable to buy a home in a location of his choice (in Boston, of all places) and settled for a pleasant, modest ranch house in nearby Reading. He lives there now with his pretty, soft-spoken wife Rose, and their 2-month-old son Bill Jr.—easily the most-talked-about athlete in New England and the biggest attraction in the history of professional basketball.

For this complex young man who tries so hard to be different it is apt indeed that fame has come for a reason which never before has stirred the interest of the average fan in most sports, and especially in basketball. Call to mind the truly great ones—the Karels, Mikans, Laettis, Cousys. All

drew crowds who came to watch their offensive play. Putting the ball through the hoop, putting it through somehow, is still the most spectacular piece of business on the court. Even today, no official records are kept on the things Russell does better than any man before him, things which few players ever thought of doing. These are acts of defense. They require thought and hard work, as opposed to the exhilarating efforts involved in purely offensive actions. It is the difference between trying to beat the other fellow and trying to keep him from beating you. On the Celtics, Russell concentrates on keeping the opposition from scoring points; his teammates—Cousy, Bill Sharman, Tom Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey—will score enough to win if he is reasonably successful.

It is oversimplifying matters to say that Russell succeeds by blocking the opponents' shots at the basket. He does that too, of course, and spectacularly. But hear him:

"Playing good defense takes a lot of practice, sure. But I do a lot of thinking about it too. Look, I can't block shots. O.K. If I tried to block all the shots my man takes, I'd be dead. The thing I got to do is make my man think I'm gonna block every shot he takes. How can I do it? O.K., here. Say I block a shot on you. The next time you're gonna shoot, I know I can't block it, but I act exactly the same way as before, I make exactly the same moves. I'm confident. I'm not thinking any more but I got you thinking. You can't think and shoot—nobody can.

continued



RUSSELL

continued

You're thinking, will he block this one or won't he? I don't even have to try to block it. You'll miss. . . . Like you take one time back in college, K. C. Jones and I were chasing this guy who had the ball. [Jones was Russell's teammate and close friend on the great San Francisco squad that won 40 straight and two NCAA titles.] We didn't have a chance to catch this guy, but we're chasing him. So K.C. yells over at me, "I got him!" And I yell back, "No, I got him!" And the next few steps I take, I hit the floor real hard so it sounds like I'm a lot closer than I really am. We fool that guy. We had him thinking. Instead of going in for an easy layup, he tried to get off the shot and get out of our way at the same time. He missed. . . . Here's something K.C. did to me one day. We're scrimmaging and he's on one team and I'm on the other. I'm bringing the ball up court and he's with me all the way. But I was sure I had him. I looked over at him and I could see he felt I had him too. Then all of a sudden K.C. starts improvising. He starts jumping around and moving one way and another—things I never saw him do before. Now I'm worried. I'm thinking, what's he gonna do next? You know what happened? I got all tangled up and fell down. That's right—one minute I'm sailing along, confident, and the next minute I'm sprawled all over the floor and K.C.'s taken the ball away from me and dribbles down for an easy layup."

Russell's preoccupation with the psychological aspects of basketball brings him to fresh insights not only of his own play but the failings and potentialities of others. For example, most players will talk about Bob Cousy's spectacular techniques, his peripheral vision and phenomenal reflexes when they try to explain his greatness. Not Russell: "You know why he's the greatest? Two reasons. First is his imagination. No matter what the situation is, he'll think of something new to try. He'll try anything. And he'll make it work for the second reason. His confidence. He knows it's going to work. . . . Some sportswriters say it must be tough to play with Cousy—he does all those wild things, surprises you, fools you and all that junk. I'll tell you—he's the easiest to play with. You know why? When he passes you the ball, there's always something you can do

continued

RUSSELL GOES over St. Louis' Bob Pettit in display of his growing offensive ability.

with it, that's why. Some guys, they pass you the ball and there's nothing you can do with it except pass it back or eat it if you're hungry. When Cousy gives it to you, there's a reason."

Devoted as he is to this game (he was an excellent prospect as a runner and high jumper at San Francisco but gave up track to concentrate on basketball), Russell is obviously pleased as a puppy with a playful little boy at being a part of the major leagues of sport and playing with the likes of Cousy and Shaheen. He made up his mind a long time ago that this was what he wanted, but it was hardly evident in his manner when he first came to Boston last year. The Celtics are a close-knit bunch; most of them have played and traveled together for a long time. In the heat of day-in day-out competition during which they depend greatly on each other, in the mutual frustration of defeats and the exhilaration of victories, strong friendships have grown up. And, most important, pride of team—something few fans appreciate about professional athletes—surrounds them like the unspoken affection at a family reunion. Into this group came the much-heralded Russell, on a tidal wave of nationwide publicity following his triumphs at San Francisco and with the Olympic basketball team in Melbourne. On the front pages of the Boston papers he was a conquering hero before he played his first game; nearly all predicted he would bring the Celtics their first championship after the years of bitter playoff defeats. If Russell detected a feeling of "O.K., now show us" on the part of some members of the squad, it is just as true that he antagonized many of the veterans by little things like showing up late for practice and a general air of cockiness which they mistook for conceit. It is a credit to all concerned that the situation never got any worse than this and quickly got better.

Most of the Celtics know what Russell turned down to play with them—more than twice the excellent salary he is now earning. But few people anywhere know the real reason. He hasn't told it before this.

Despite the claiming he would occasionally indulge in at college, Russell has always been serious about basketball. So he never really thought much of the idea of playing with the all-Negro Globetrotters troupe, whose performances he considers more vaudeville than sport—as do most other athletes, of course.

But when stories began to appear
continued



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RUSSELL

continued

naming figure like \$50,000 as the price. Abe Saperstein, the Globetrotters' owner, was prepared to pay for his services. Russell began to get interested. Then, "Saperstein came to see me and my coach, Phil Woolpert. He just said hello and goodbye to me. All the time he was there he talked to Woolpert. He told Woolpert what he could do for me and how much money I'd make and all that jazz. He never said a word to me. He treated me like some kind of idiot who couldn't understand what the conversation was all about. I made up my mind right then that I'd never play for him. . . ."

Russell adds, not even effort to be fair, but simply as a matter of fact: "I'll say this—it was a good thing for me and it's a good thing for other Negro basketball players. When the Globetrotters bid for you, it helps you get a better deal with the pros."

It is too much to say that Russell did bring the Celtics their first NBA championship last season. He played in 48 of 72 games, after returning from Melbourne. (Basketball is a team game; Cousy and Sharman are the finest basketball combinations this league has ever seen; Heinsohn won Rookie of the Year honors last year for a string of crackling performances; Jim Loscutoff, Ramsey, Rhee, Andy Phillip, Jack Nichols and Coach Red Auerbach all contributed mightily. But if Russell

didn't bring the title, he made it possible. Cousy puts it this way: "We play a fast-break attack, which doesn't mean a thing unless you can get the ball off the boards. In the past, people would say we had the potential and they wondered why we didn't win more games. Sure, we had the potential, but we didn't have the ball. Now Russell gets it for us. We get the ball more often and we win more often. It's that simple."

Russell gets the ball for the Celtics by rebounding better than anyone ever has. Last year he led the league with an average of 19.6 per game; thus far this year he is more than 160 rebounds ahead of his closest competitor, Bob Pettit, and has set an incredible single-game mark of 49.

For most players, rebounding requires mastering two essentials: position and timing. They must get to the right spot under the backboard and they must leap at the precise moment to meet the ball ahead of rival players. Because of his great spring the once high-jumped 6-foot-9½-inch in college after a minimum of practice! Russell came close to ignoring position. He will often go up from a spot far from a host of other players, go over their outstretched hands and come down with the ball. "One other thing," he says, "that few people notice. I've got a pair of long arms. I remember one time I posed for a gag picture with Swede Halbrook. He's 7 feet 3, you know—more than five inches taller

than I am. He held the ball as high as he could over his head and I stood next to him and reached up. My hands were on that ball. Don't think that's not a help in rebounding."

Working on offense

It became fashionable last year to concede Russell had defensive and rebounding skills and laugh at his efforts to put the ball through the hoop. He finished the season with a 14.7 average—far below the leaders—and the worst free-throw percentage on his team. The reason is simple: he has always worked far more on defense than offense; indeed, he spent very little time even facing the basket, except when dunking the ball. But the fashion is due for a change. Russell has been thinking. ("I spent a lot of time last summer thinking about my shooting.") He has also been practicing with and taking lessons from Sharman, a student of the shooting art and one of the best in the game. Sharman noted early that one of Russell's biggest faults was his failure to get set before his free throws. He also taught Russell how to put adequate backspin on the ball without losing control and to roll it off his fingertips instead of pushing it from his palms, which is another common error. The thinking and teaching have paid off, swiftly. At the end of the first 12 weeks of this season—after 34 games—Russell led the league in field-goal accuracy at 48.4%. He was 13th in total points with a 19.0 per-game average and was sinking better than half of his free throws. There can hardly be any doubt that he will shortly be as intimidating a force on offense as he always has been on defense. There is certainly no doubt about this in Russell's mind. He is, among other things, a collector of albums of Broadway musical plays and his favorite is *Kismet*, because of a song in it called *The Glow Tree*, one of whose lyrics goes: "Why be content with an olive? When you could have the tree. . . . Why be content to be nothing? When there's nothing you couldn't be!"

"There's a message in there," Russell says. "You can do anything you set your mind to." He believes it.

A thinking man, Bill Russell—*one* who will make many mistakes, certainly. But also one who will seldom be caught napping. If you play basketball, you would be fortunate to have him on your team; if you don't, you will derive much pleasure from watching him play. And if basketball leaves you, you might be most fortunate of all just to have him for a friend. **END**

BILL AND ROSE pose with 2-month-old Bill Jr. who arrived on 5 in the morning on the day after the Russells moved into their new home in Reading, Mass. "I was sleeping on the floor," says Bill, "because our furniture hadn't arrived yet, when the eggs woke me up and drove me to the hospital in Boston so I could watch basketball on for the first time."





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SKI KINGS Toni Sailer and Andeol Maitreux, guide of Austria, risk arms around poster. American nation race Muli Springs-Miller of Stone, Va.

ALONE WITH THE KINGS

by MORY LAND

If there is a Yankee Stadium of skiing, it is the Alp country of Austria. Among its jagged peaks and steeply rolling mountain meadows, Tyroleans and Arlbergers grow up with skis on their feet practically from babyhood, and here they have ruled international competitive skiing for seven years, methodically turning out champions by the hundred. And it is here, at Bad Gastein, that the world Alpine championships of the Fédération Internationale de Ski will start this weekend.

These championships are the pinnacle of every skier's aspirations. There are four men's titles at stake: the slalom, giant slalom, downhill and—most glittering of all—the combined title for the best score in the three races. In the last world championships (at the Olympics) the Austrians took six out of nine medals and the combined championship. And until a couple of weeks ago, the Austrians saw no reason for worry about this year's competition. Now, they have suddenly found them-

selves looking at an American skier who might do them all in. That American is Bud Werner (above) from Steamboat Springs, Colo.

The Austrians had started out the season in fine style. Toni Sailer and Andeol Maitreux, on opposite pages between them took four of the five important races that traditionally precede a world championship at Wengen, Switzerland and Kitzbühel, Austria. Another Austrian, Joni Rieder, took

combined



TOP U.S. SKIER BUD WERNER HAS STARTED HEATING HERE AGAIN THIS YEAR

On the eve of the world skiing championships, Bud Werner has climbed to heights until lately reserved for Austrian skiers only

AUSTRIAN WINNERS

PRETTY Patsi Pfendl is typical of the steady, hard-driving skiers Austria puts out. Its traditional record of important perchampionship races she has captured one first place, one second and two thirds in five starts, now ranks as favorite to take women's combined title at world championships in Bad Gastein, Austria, Feb. 1-6.



BOLLY Josef Rieder, No. 2 man on the Austrian team behind Heferner and Salter, won slalom at perchampionship races in Wengen, Switzerland. Rieder teammates Ernst Hinterseer, Hans Leitner, Karl Schwarz, Christian Prevota and Eggen Zimmermann have all scored high in biggest European races this year, will give team depth to make it the strongest entry in coming world championships.

WORLD SKIING

continued

the fifth. But at Wengen, Warner took the steadiest of them all and upset Salter, the current world champion, for the combined title. The Austrians were stunned. It was the first time an American had taken a major European combined prize, and Salter has been the darling of the ski world ever since his triple victory at the last Olympics. The shocked Vienna *Neid Telegraf* headlined a front-page story: **WERNER BEATS OVERLORD SKIER**.

A week later on the Kitzbühel race, where Austrian racers are reared, Warner ran third behind two Austrians in the giant slalom and fourth behind three other Austrians in the downhill. The Austrians knew the course blindfolded while Warner knew them hardly at all. Although Warner fell in the slalom, it was more obvious than ever to the Austrians that this American was terribly dangerous.

A skiing phenomenon

Warner was no surprise to his teammates. They have known for years that he is a skiing phenomenon. No skier in the world has Warner's willingness to point his skis straight down any hill. Even in the relatively open downhill race, which has so few control gates that a straight line is usually the most successful, the best racers check their speed with a judicious half-turn now and then. "The trouble with Bud," said his teammate Tom Cocoran, ranked No. 3 among U.S. men, "used to be that he just didn't believe in checking."

The result was that until this year Warner would usually mix with disaster somewhere on the way down in his races and go spinning out of the course in a cloud of snow. To Warner, the 60 to 75 gates which make the modern slalom course an exercise in spine-twisting acrobatics seemed to represent an irritating set of obstacles to getting down the hill as fast as possible. In fact, he usually managed to take some of the gates down with him.

Warner almost always got into trouble, possibly because he counted on his catlike sense of balance to get him out of it. In the U.S. national downhill last year he got going too fast and went sailing feet first into the sky. Four fifths of a second later he came crashing to the ground, skin first, having managed to straighten himself out in mid-air. He then went bounding down the course without losing his speed, unperturbed and impatient to get to the

HAPPY Hilde Heferner won downhill race at Kitzbühel, took two second places in other perchampionship races, now No. 2 in world. But women's competitions are wide open. Heferner will have strong opposition in new Norwegian star Betti Ruster, who won Kitzbühel combined slide; Merli's teammate, Astrid Sandvik, third in Kitzbühel downhill; plus Swiss, U.S. and Italian girls and Canadian ace Lucille Wheeler, who took fifth in Kitzbühel downhill, giant slalom.



bottom. "Werner's the only man who thinks he can gain three seconds in a fall," said one of his coaches sourly.

Werner, happily for American hopes, has curbed his impetuosity this year and, whatever happens, he will certainly take his place beside Andrea Mead, the double gold medal winner of the 1952 Olympics, as a giant in international skiing.

But giants are few and far between. Other than Werner, the American skiers—boys and girls—are just excellent racers. And that is not enough. The handicaps against which they race include lack of racing experience in Europe (American skiers go to Europe only once in two years) and lack of direction while skiing in the U.S. The team is picked by a point system in the winter preceding the championships—before they even have a coach. A new coach is appointed for every championship and meets his team as such only when they all get aboard the plane for Europe. He has no idea what shape his skiers are in because there is no preseason training. And because they lack the money, the U.S. team gets to Europe so late it has to train doggedly right up to the first prechampionship races.

This year four of the team members went to Bonnie Prudden on their own for training (SI, Nov. 25). When it was over, Miss Prudden's comment was, "I had them for two weeks. They needed two months." One girl, at least, seems to have benefitted from the Prudden regime. Sally Deaver (right) has improved tremendously since she started skiing in Europe this year.

Scientific skiing

The Austrian racer, by contrast, has to do very little on his own. He is a product of a scientific training whose thoroughness can only be scotched here. The Austrian national ski team has its own trainer and a permanent coach who picks his own team and is responsible for its showing. The team is picked just before the preseason conditioning and its yearly ski training starts early to give them a chance to rest before the big races begin.

In spite of their many handicaps the American racers training on the runs at Bad Gastein this week were undiscouraged. For one thing, they had Bud Werner. As one American racer walked toward the hills to take his initial run a few days ago, he craned his neck to get a look upward at the plunging terrain and then broke into a grin. "This," he cheerily told everyone around, "looks like Buddy's meat." (KRE)



IMPROVING HOPEFULS

SWISS Rager Staab (left) and teammate Willy Ferrer are rated next to Werner as candidates to break up Austrian victory parade in world championships. Swiss women Annemarie Waser, Hanne Colliard and Frieda Danner, with one win apiece in prechampionship races, are strongest women's team next to Austrians.

AMERICAN Sally Deaver heads U.S. girls' team in prechampionship races, scoring two fifth and one sixth place. U.S. girls are potentially equal to European women, may realize this potential during world races next week. Best bets are Linda Meyers, who got a sixth in Kitzbühel downhill, and Madeline Springer-Miller (see page 38), who took fourth in giant slalom at Kitzbühel race. Betty Saxe may break through in slalom and Penny Pinouts downhill.



ITALIAN Bruce Alberti, a dark horse in men's racing, has stayed out of prechampionship races but recently broke Toni Sailer's downhill record at Cortina. Alberti's teammate Glas Burriol was sixth in 1954 Olympic downhill race, is also long shot for gold medal among men. Among women, Italy's Carla Marchetti took second place in Griesbühel giant slalom, did not compete at Kitzbühel race, may well carry off medal during world championships.

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A Bounty of Sport for a Divided World

by COLES PHINIZY

In 1958 athletes on both sides of the Curtain will be scrambling for titles as never before

THE LIGHT of the Olympic torch every four years is bright, cheerful, but in one respect mildly deceiving. In an ordinary year, between Olympics, the world plays at, or works at, more than 100 sports. The Olympics, of necessity, are limited to 22 sports, and so, while in the splendor of the moment, it may seem like more, an Olympic program is only a sampler of world sport, a compromise of varied tastes designed to get the world together. Track occupies the Olympic center stage, yet it is not the favorite sport of any country. During the Games the U.S. loves track and swimming, but when the torch burns out, the U.S. goes back to baseball, basketball, football and the horses. At the Olympics, gymnastics seems to be the sport of Russia, and field hockey the sport of India. Actually the Russians and the Indians prefer soccer, at which the Russians are very good and the Indians second-rate.

With the Rome Games still two years off, Olympic enthusiasm is still at an ebb, but this current year, 1958, shows promise of becoming a record breaker for world competition. Already athletes in more than 25 sports are making plans to compete somewhere on the other side of the seas or the other side of the Curtain. In the first week of the year, Roshan Khan of Pakistan won the U.S. Open squash title, and in another week trackmen from Poland and Yugoslavia were trading elbow jabs with the U.S. runners on the indoor track circuit. This week the skiers of three continents are gathering for the world Alpine championships at Bad Gastein, Austria. As the table on the following two pages shows, the skiers will be followed in

Europe by figure skaters, speed skaters and hockey teams. In April the U.S. amateur basketball champions will probably give the Russians a lesson and a licking in Moscow. In July the U.S. gymnasts will be in Moscow, taking a lesson and probably a licking. Hopefully, if the trammels of financing can be disposed of, the U.S. and Russia will hold a midsummer track meet in Moscow. In August sailors from South America, North America and Europe will be competing for the world Star class title in San Diego. The agreement in the world's No. 1 sport, soccer, will be settled in Stockholm this June. For the first time the world fencing championships will be held in the U.S.—in Philadelphia in the early fall. This summer there probably will be world meets in skin-diving and sky-diving. The International Archery Federation holds its meet in Brussels this July, and it may come as a faint surprise to 150 million Americans that we are the defending champions. What with all the recent noise about O'Malley and the Chavez Ravine, few may recall that there is now a global world series of semipro baseball scheduled for early September in Milwaukee, U.S.A., which is portent enough for a successful series.

The worst that can be said for 1958 from a U.S. point of view is that at some of the best moments, the U.S. will only be an onlooker this summer at the Asian Games in Tokyo, at the Empire Games in Cardiff and at the European Games in Stockholm.

An Olympic program could never hope to handle the whole world's grab bag of sports. Sports exhibit a number

of lifelike qualities of the sort that first prompted the naturalist, Darwin, to think deeply about the existence of all living things. Some sports flourish remarkably from birth; others run almost perpetual risk of extinction. Some have remarkable powers of regeneration. Some evolve and survive; others stand pat and die—the breed of athletes is growing; the cricketers are declining. The spread of some hardy sports is checked by rivals that already have a firm hold on the land. American football is as hardy-burly a beast as you might find, but it ranges only on this continent, north of Mexico and west to Hawaii—surrounded by a world of soccer. The Australians would love the slam-bang American game, but they already enjoy losing their teeth in three different kinds of football.

There is just now starting in the U.S. an organization aimed to promote understanding through the appreciation of all sports, amateur and professional, competitive or casual. Last September President Eisenhower urged the creation of a People to People Program "to leap governments—if necessary to evade governments—to work out not one method but thousands of methods by which people can learn a bit more of each other." Sport is one of the methods Eisenhower had in mind, and the People to People Committee for Sport, headed by a familiar old boxing, baseballing, Olympian, Eddie Ragan, has been trying to knock over barriers and help sports spread on the international scene. The Ragan committee is already keeping tabs on 70 sports, most of which are in good health and likely to be around for a few centuries.

FOR 1958'S WORLD RANKINGS AND MAJOR COMPETITION, TURN PAGE

THE STATE OF WORLD SPORT IN 1958

This chart deals with 30 major sports in which Americans compete. Not all are winter sports here. World records are marked by Scotty Mattocks' are exactly

WORLD'S BEST		REMARKS
ARCHERY	1 U.S. 2 SWITZERLAND 3 SWITZERLAND 4 SWITZERLAND	One of the fastest-growing U.S. sports. In last year's only international target event, the Federation Internationale de Tir à l'Arc, U.S. swept first three places in men's and women's division.
ATHLETICS	1 U.S. 2 U.S.S.R.	The European championships will be held in Stockholm in August and the English Games in Cardiff in July, but the only big international test for U.S. athletes will be the meet with Russia, U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
ATHLETICS	1 U.S. 2 U.S.S.R. 3 GREAT BRITAIN	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
BASEBALL	1 U.S. 2 U.S.S.R. 3 JAPAN	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
BASKETBALL	1 U.S. 2 U.S.S.R. 3 U.S.S.R.	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
BORISLEIGH	1 ITALY 2 SWITZERLAND 3 AUSTRIA	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
BOXING	1 U.S.	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
CYCLING	1 FRANCE 2 ITALY 3 BELGIUM	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
FENCING	1 HUNGARY 2 ITALY 3 BELGIUM	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
FOOTBALL	1 U.S.	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
FOOTBALL	1 U.S.S.R. 2 ENGLAND 3 ARGENTINA	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
GOLF	1 U.S. 2 GREAT BRITAIN 3 JAPAN	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.
GYMNASTICS	1 U.S.S.R. 2 JAPAN 3 HUNGARY	U.S. supremacy will be given a severe test in the meet with Russia (see below). The U.S. is strongest in the dashes, hurdles and events up through the half mile. Russia has the distance There is still a vast margin in class between U.S. and rest of the world. Even the so-called World Series is really an American competition. Baseball has long been beaten in Japan, Korea, Russia and Latin America. Since World War II it has begun to march on in Europe.

HOCKEY Field	1 INDIA 2 AUSTRALIA 3 GREAT BRITAIN	Believed to have sprung up in Persia some 4,000 years ago, field hockey has made the rounds of Europe and the U.S. but still remains best in Asian climes.
HOCKEY Ice	1 CANADA 2 U.S.S.R. 3 U.S.A.	Although the Dan-oking Russians have taken long strides (Olympic medals) in the game, the Canadians of the National Hockey League will play far and away the best hockey in the world. Russia's European socialist is justing and despite will open international competition. Germans will host official international riding, jumping and driving tournament at Aachen, June 27-July 6.
HORSES EQUESTRIAN	1 GERMANY 2 U.S.A. 3 ENGLAND	Bloodlines are so continually mixed it is impossible to rate nations. England, France and U.S. are top breeding and racing nations. Ireland, India, Australia and South America follow.
HORSES Thoroughbred	1 U.S. 2 U.S.S.R. 3 AUSTRALIA	The Grand Challenge Cup for individual horses (Hindes, greatest of rogues, was won by Canada in 1927, over Yale. In the horse-world, Russia took the Diamond Stakes for one-year-olds.
ROWING	1 U.S.S.R. 2 U.S.S.R. 3 FINLAND	Expect rowing triumph from Moscow in October, when rowers from Russia play host to the International Rowing Union. Moscow, a sporting event more important than the Olympics.
SHOOTING	1 U.S. 2 AUSTRALIA	Russian speed skaters hold up in Alma Ata 12 months a year and practice their act to such a degree that in the recent Olympics they swept all but one event. But last year they played several
SKATING figure	1 U.S.S.R. 2 AUSTRALIA	Austria has dominated double skating for seven years, will get away competition, mostly from Switzerland and U.S. in world championships at Bad Gastein, Austria, ending Feb. 3. Preled
SKATING speed	1 AUSTRALIA 2 U.S. 3 JAPAN	On a popular basis, the world's greatest skimming nations are Australia and Iceland. Competitions, Australia rules and will dominate the English Games at Cardiff, Wales in July. Japan
SWIMMING	1 JAPAN 2 CZECHOSLOVAKIA 3 HUNGARY	Since 1952, when Japan first took part in the world championships of this formerly popular game, she has dominated table tennis, known to some folks as ping-pong. However there will be
TABLE TENNIS	1 AUSTRALIA 2 U.S. 3 BELGIUM	Synched to victory is the Davis Cup, just after Christmas every year, the Americans have it all they will, don't it offend it, successful and put it back for another year. Over America's
TENNIS	1 CZECHOSLOVAKIA 2 U.S.S.R. 3 HUNGARY	Wide volleyball will be included in the Asian Games this year, the next world championship must await 1960. Germany in world-wide popularity, the game may be introduced in 1964. Olympics
VOLLEYBALL	1 HUNGARY 2 YUGOSLAVIA 3 U.S.S.R.	Diagrams (rebel and) tactically the best, show great strategy and knowledge of the game. Russians lack initiative and seem to act from instincts rather than good coaching. International
WATER POLO	1 U.S.S.R. 2 U.S.	The U.S.S.R. and U.S. have entered world supremacy for the past few years. But with 1960 withdrawn to cover Australia, the
WEIGHT LIFTING	1 U.S.S.R. 2 U.S.	barbells are now tipped heavily toward the U.S.S.R. A Russian
WRESTLING	1 U.S.S.R. 2 U.S.	Russia, which shows the best has around five of eight Greco-Roman titles and picks up another gold medal in freestyle in Moscow, should overtake other nations in the world
YACHTING	1 U.S. 2 GREAT BRITAIN 3 SWEDEN	In some racing U.S. has biggest fleet of skilled sailors in world. In the America's Cup series, U.S. has taken every match race from Italy. Italy will likely do it again this December. In small boat

Finding a Golfer Named Goosie

by JAMES MURRAY

At the Caliente Open, a young newcomer from Knoxville nearly upset the cream of pro golf until an oddtimer from Arkansas took charge in the pleasant south-of-the-border surroundings

IN the middle of the first round when there were still over 100 golfers at large on the sprawling fairways and rolling greens of the club deportivo Campestre de Tijuana, a perplexed-looking wire service reporter was seen hurrying out to the center of the action, notebook in hand. "I gotta go find a golfer named J. C. Goosie," he explained. "Knoxville wants special coverage on him. Ever heard of him?"

Three days later, when the scores for the \$17,000 Caliente Open were posted, not only the Associated Press clients in Knoxville, but most of the rest of the golf world had heard of J. C. Goosie. J. C. (which initials he adamantly refuses to elaborate on) is the happy-go-lucky young (28) man who very nearly stood the cream of America's golf professionals on their ears in the third round of the Tijuana tourney, event No. 3 on the 1968 winter tour.

Co-leader at the end of three rounds (with 208), young Goosie, a handsome, bronzed youngster with a perpetual twinkle in gray-blue eyes, was playing

par golf with three holes left in the final round and had only to par in for first place. He had been playing faultless golf from tee to green, consistently outdriving his playing partners, Gene Littler and Fred Hawkins. But he had been coming up short with six-foot putts, a sure indication the dread last-round yips were having their effect.

The 19th is a horrendous elliptical golf hole at Tijuana, uphill all the way and listed on the card at 425 yards but playing at least 50 farther in the Caliente tournament. The tee was stuck down in a hollow at one end of the ellipse and the pin buried in the narrow turkey neck of a greens barely five club lengths wide at the other. Goosie drove well to start the long uphill fight, but groaned aloud as he spotted the delicate location of the flag. "Sure looks like a rough golf hole today," he murmured to Littler as he snapped a five-iron out of his bag.

A presumptuous shot

It was what it looked. Goosie's five-iron, hit a bit too hastily, was pulled a bit left, not enough off line to give trouble on most greens but disastrously off for this one. It was a typical Goosie shot—bold, presumptuous and aimed for the pin rather than the safe, swollen front edge of the green. But it landed on a sidehill almost hole-high and across a culvert from the striated green. A small rock kept the ball from sliding down to the bottom of the ditch. Goosie swung quickly at this hanging lie before the rock could move and let the ball roll into deeper trouble. The ball squirted across the green and climbed the grassy hill on the other side. With one foot in the air and his putter held like a window-washer trying to scrape water off a pane of glass, Goosie tried to rake the ball down to the hole. It stepped two and a half foot

short. When he missed even that, for a double bogey, it was clear that Goosie was cooked.

Yet when he not only came up smiling but walked away to birdie the next hole, it was also clear that J. C. will be heard from again. As it turned out, that amiable, smiling Quark, Ernest Joe (Dutch) Harrison, won the tournament, his umpteenth in a career which has seen him come from a plantation worker's son in Arkansas to golf's ninth alltime money winner (\$154,000). Dutch was almost the most surprised man on the course when he was presented with the check. "All I was tryin' to do was beat these two fellas [Jerry Barber and Bo Winger]; I was playin' with. Lord knows, that was tough enough [they both tied for second]."

In general, it was that kind of up-and-down tournament. It began with Winger and the San Francisco lowly doll Bob Roeburg, flying 65s from the first-round scoreboard. When Winger matched that with a 69 the second day, it seemed about over. But he fell all the way downstairs with a shaggy 77 the third day.

Meanwhile, Roeburg eluded his way steadily along in second place until the third round, when he fell over retrieving his ball on the 5th green and threw his back out of place. Under pain, he was forced to lunge at the ball like an overzealous rookier swinging—at the last minute—at a three-and-one patch outside and low. When the tour supervisor Harvey Raynor was explaining this to Pro Jim Ferrier with gestures, Ferrier stopped short while pulling a sweater over his head and looked at Raynor in amazement. "But that's the way he swings all the time anyway!" he protested.

Harrison used his good luck as much to the collapse of Stan Leonard as to Goosie's double bogey. Like Goosie,



ARKANSAS TRAVELER is nickname for Dutch Harrison, amiable Caliente winner.



TENNESSEE TYNO H. J. C. Goods, who almost won his first Open tournament.

Leonard, who should have known better, played too daringly for a man who had a stroke laid going into the final round. He cut an approach tee fine at No. 5 and ripped a ball out of bounds on No. 7 to be well out of it before he for the back nine the final day.

Since it was held in Old Mexico, the tournament posed some unaccustomed hazards for the touring pros. The Mexicans, who are caricatured as somnolent, are anything but when they get behind the wheel of a car, and the pros who had to play the holes bordering the highways did so with knees shaking. Many a golf shot was attempted by a player looking nervously over both shoulders at once. It was not their lives that were in danger, just their nerves. A Tijuana believe it is unmanly to use the brakes on a car when the horn will serve as well—or almost as well. The horns of Mexico spoiled more drives than a choppy backswing, and a fast action camera would surely have caught more than one pre-swinging at the ball in the middle of a full nervous wince, eyes closed tightly and shoulders hunched in a spasm. Once a rickety truck, vintage of John Steinbeck's *"Grapes of Wrath"*, was rattling along the road which bordered the 18th

fairway as Pro Frank Stranahan was addressing his approach shot. The driver, unheeded, was going full throttle when he spotted Stranahan. He brought the car to an immediate stop with a squeaking-squealed tires and simultaneous backing of the horn. The driver was equal to the strain, but the tires were not, and one of them gave up the ghost with a loud pop—at which point Stranahan jumped at the ball like a man under whom a firecracker has just been detonated, and the result was a shattered shot which spurted up to the wrong side of the green. Stranahan glared, but the driver grinned back at him amiably. He didn't mind the tire at all.

The Mexicans were in the decided minority in most of the golf galleries throughout the tournament. When the men were running at nearly California track they ignored the golf altogether. Tensions are too unpredictable to bet on, they have found out, and even a *golfero* on Hogan and Snead would have been spurned by the same people who pick a horse by pointing at a program while covering their eyes. Even before the California shot was another timed at the suggestion of the PGA, it was never a big betting feature for Tijuana and was abandoned this year without a regretful look.

The pros, for three part, missed a good part of the charm of Old Mexico—as they so often miss the charm of the places they happen to be invading for money. Most of them, wisely if ungallantly, chose today's locale across the border in nearby Chula Vista Calif. This is because the water in Tijuana is as unpredictable as a wood shot from the deep rough. The pros, unimpressed about any geography they don't have to putt on anyway, felt it was wiser, since it would be tough to keep up with one's threesome in the throes of an attack of the dread *resaca*.

The pros, also characteristically, ducked a cocktail party and buffet in their honor—a bit of thoughtlessness that American sponsors have long since grown accustomed to but which seemed inexplicable to the gracious Mexican officials. Grieved one guest:

"Walter Hagen made a big pitch to get the golf pros in the front doors wherever they went. But you wonder why he bothered. These guys couldn't care less."

Not all the natives were offended at the lack of the festive spirit in the ranks of the golfers. The caddies, for instance, understood perfectly. One of them, as soon as he was paid off by Al Dunsmuir, dropped the golf bag then and there

and began hawking sunglasses. Dunsmuir packed his own sticks to the clubhouse. Another small boy, struck by a shot of Art Walla, climbed over a fence and eventually refused to surrender the ball. It had hit him, hadn't it? was his attitude. One caddie slipped his golfer on one green near the race track when a call was coming over the loudspeaker. "I got a home going," he explained.

But over-all there was a charm and gentility with an exceptionally Mexican to the whole occasion. Waiters and police went unflinchingly polite and a cordoned police could learn for any dining galleries who wanted to cross the teeming highway at the front of the club. The food was outrageously good, and at night the pleasant sound of music from a thousand homes filled the soft air. No horse or even hotel was without it, it seemed.

Teeming galleries

It seemed also, in some ways, a shame to have to put for a living in such a gracious and leisurely atmosphere. The galleries were almost the only human beings around wearing a frown, a characteristic which finally began to irritate a young lady on the 18th green who wanted to leave for more festive things while her escort wanted to watch the golf. As threesome after threesome, all wearing the preoccupied tight-lipped look of the man who is going about a nasty and serious business, came up on the green, her irritation finally overcame her restraint. "What do you want to stay and watch these golfers for?" she demanded. "You've seen one, you've seen 'em all."

But, it happened, not quite all. For old Dutch, who always took time to stop and chat on the way through his final, climactic 69, played with the relaxation of a man on a weekend round with his best friend. He tossed his opponents' photos into the hole, addressed everyone as "Mister" and seemed almost distressed that he had won. Nearly 48 (in March), and a grandfather, he smiled he just hoped to play out one more year and the only reason he was touring was because he wanted to go out a winner. "If I could do real good this year, I'll go out," promised Dutch. "I don't think I can see too good any more, not as well as I used to anyway." It was the consensus of 150 of Dutch's competitors at Tijuana that Dutch could see quite well enough. About one shot per round too well, in fact. "I never saw him miss one of those holes in the center of the green anyway," grinned Jerry Barber.



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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **DOW FINSTERWALD**

Tequesta Country Club, Tequesta, Fla.



PLAYING THE MIDDLE IRONS

The straighter the face of the club, the more difficult it is to play. Even though this is true, it is not true to the extent most people think. In more specific language, what I'm trying to get across is this: granted that it is easier for the average golfer to hit a good shot with his eight-iron than it is with his four-iron, he will obtain much better results than he usually does with the middle irons if he goes about playing them right.

You can play the short irons with a restricted swing and just hit down on the ball, and sometimes get away with it. That won't work with the middle irons—the lowest point of the arc of the swing is not so far in advance of the ball as on the shorter irons. You must execute a golf swing. On the middle irons you don't have to hit the ball with a lot of force to get it out the distance you want. The club will do it for you if you perform a reasonably good swing. The backswing should be almost as full as the backswing on the long irons and the woods. This necessarily means taking a good unrestricted body turn.

As compared with the short irons, the longer turn you make in playing the middle irons provides more clubhead speed for you. There's more acceleration of the hands through the ball. There's no need to try to speed up your tempo. As a matter of fact, a golfer is wise if he tries to keep the same tempo on all his shots and realizes that he derives his distance not from speeding up his swing but from the built-in acceleration that the longer turn generates.



NEXT WEEK: MARLENE BAUER HAGGE ON THE LOFTED PITCH



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BONNIE PRUDDEN

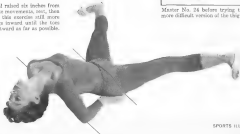
28

A variation on an earlier thigh rotation exercise, this one will make legs firmer, handsomer

To warm up, repeat No. 24: lying on back with feet on the floor, twist feet first inward, then outward. Begin this week's exercise by raising your legs about six inches (below), support seat with hands and repeat the inward-outward foot twist.



With feet wide apart, still raised six inches from the floor, do eight complete movements, first, then do eight more. To make this exercise still more challenging, carry the legs inward until the toes touch, then turn them outward as far as possible.

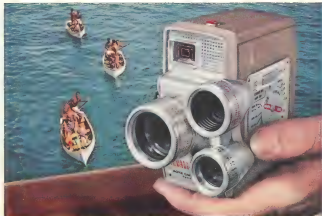


24

Twist feet inward, then outward, while legs are raised about six inches from the floor.



Master No. 24 before trying this week's more difficult version of the thigh rotation.



Calm divers at Nassau—action for the new Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, Turret f/1.9.

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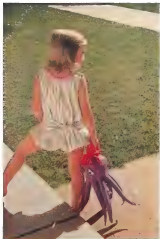
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So easy to iron. This Arrow collar has fold-line built in. Just iron it flat, then flip it over into position.



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For sunning at the Seagate Beach Club, DeDe Nobbe wears a candy-striped swimwear bag, belted low at the hips like a grown-up's chemise (Randy Kwikwest, \$4).



At the Boca Raton polo field, Scotty Thomas, in red flared Eton jacket and shorts (Saks Fifth Avenue, \$30) confers with his pony-polo-playing friend, Randy Fraser.

Sports fans Jody Boyer, in a baseball-uniform-inspired dress, and Candy Krawlow, in lifeguard chemise (Kate Greenway, \$6 and \$4), show baseball to Randy Fraser.

Lounging pajamas of orange-blossom-printed cotton satin are worn by Betty Nobbe for quiet mornings beside the pool in Delray Beach, Florida (Glen of Michigan, \$7).



SPORTING LOOK



Young fishermen await departure from pier in Delray Beach in snug hooded sweat shirts of navy and white beamed cotton (Randy Knitwear, \$4 each).

SUN SET, UNDER 6

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEVA LEON LIFE

The lively group of small fry on these pages are pioneers of a new American phenomenon—the under-6 resortier. Nattily turned out for as many varieties of sport as their parents, these young specialists in Florida living set a fashion pace for the kindergarten set that will, by summer, be emulated by their classmates up north. Young sun-followers not only lead a full life on the beach or with boats, but are tempted with such specialties as pony polo at Boca Raton and deep-sea fishing in the Gulf Stream.



At the beach, Susan Gensbach wears a cotton bathing suit of grow-up forward print with matching pleated skirt (Savory, \$7).

Spearfishers are Charles Gensbach in diamond diggers (Kaynes, \$4), pull-over (Glenca, \$3); Randy Fraser in hooded terry (Kaynes, \$3).



Jody Berry, dressed in a sailor costume (Randy, \$8), slips a grass-leaf and ginger-ale contraption called "the monster." Sandals are by Capriz.





CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

Better Than a Peek

ONE peek is better than two guesses" runs the cynical bridge adage—a mistakes appraisal that completely overlooks such factors as antagonism and opponents who do not properly assort their cards.

Entirely aside from the question of ethics, most experts prefer opponents who hold their cards close to the chest. This is more than a matter of pride. The truth is that a good player would rather trust his insight than his eyesight. To clear up this seeming paradox and illustrate how much surer it is to see with the mind's eye, here's a hand with a history.

teachers whose bidding could be trusted to be exemplary, as indeed it was.

There is a fifth character in this little drama—the kibitzer, South's wife, seated at the South-East corner of the table.

After taking her ace of hearts, West led the 8. East won with the king and returned the jack, forcing South's queen. West and North discarded low spades. Obviously, if he lost the lead once more, declarer would be a dead duck; but he could make nine tricks and the game if he could bring home six tricks in clubs. So South led the club 5, agonized only briefly when West played low, and played the ace from dummy, causing East to lose her singleton king and her temper.

Turning upon the kibitzer, she accused: "You kicked him."

"I resent that," South retorted, full of ruffled dignity and injured pride, and his wife sat back to hear him defend her honor. She is still waiting.

"You must think I'm very naive," South continued heatedly.

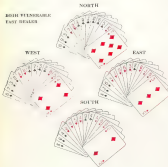
"I hardly had to be kicked into knowing you had the king of clubs."

Indeed, it was more obvious than either a kick or a peek could have made it. West had already played the ace of hearts. She could not have held the king of clubs as well or she would have given no thought to passing her partner's opening bid. East simply had to have the king of clubs, and South's only chance to make his game was to find it unguarded.

Extra trick: Don't stop counting points when the bidding is over. Point count can be of considerable help even during the play. As in the foregoing hand, for example, a player who passes partner's opening bid of one in a suit cannot have as many as seven points.

When a player who passed initially comes up with an ace and two kings, you can be sure he does not have another ace, and it is most unlikely that he holds another king. If one—or even both—of these high cards is missing, you may assume they are in the other unseen hand.

If declarer's opening bid was one no trump, count his points and at some point in the play you will know exactly what else he has and what your partner must have. If he bid correctly, his hand includes not less than 14 points and not more than 18. Thus, if you know 15 of his points, he cannot have a missing ace; if you know 16, he cannot have another king. You may play your defense as confidently as if you actually saw these missing cards in your partner's hand.



The bidding:

EAST	NORTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♠	Pass	Pass	2 ♠
Pass	2 no trump	Pass	3 no trump
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Opening lead: heart ace.

This deal was played in a tournament at a convention of bridge teachers. North and South were among the famous experts who had been invited to give the teachers the thrill of topflight competition. East and West were a pair of



The Sharing of Sports

Thomas J. Watson, Jr.

Enthusiastic amateur sportsman, Tom Watson, Jr., President of International Business Machines Corporation, has shipped his own special "Pulman" to winter resorts, stocked up on berberis, downy-wood Duck Island candy, his best food, a 9.4 hour schedule for work-rest-sleep, tennis, curling with his wife and family of six, a wartime transport pilot, he has played more than 4000 hours on the ice.

Through research, engineering and automation, each of us in America today is enjoying a good deal more leisure time than ever before in our history—and not the least delightful part of it all is that we can look forward to more of the same.

As we search individually for productive ways to spend this free time, I personally find the sharing of sports with my wife and children to be one of the most rewarding. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED provides us (sometimes even the smallest of us) with a constant, well-developed picture of the sports world, thus increasing our own enjoyment as a family and encouraging us as individuals to be more active participants and more knowing spectators.

Tom Watson, Jr.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AMERICA'S NATIONAL SPORTS WEEKLY

SEAL HAVEN

continued from page 16

Whaling vessels put goats ashore more than a century ago, so they would increase and provide fresh meat should the ships return. The descendants of those goats and of others planted there later have ravaged the native vegetation to the point where some plants are now extinct.

As the Orcs eased to an anchorage in a cove near the north end of the island, a chorus of sound that is hard to describe came across the smooth expanse of water. Sometimes it seemed like distant carpenters at work, and at others it sounded like a great pot boiling and bubbling.

It came from the shore, and through the glasses we determined that the dark masses along one stretch of beach were not boulders but hundreds of elephant seals rolling on sand and making the curious noises of their kind. On the slope behind them were the deserted barracks where a Mexican garrison had been quartered during World War II. At present a handful of Mexican marines maintain a weather station at the southern end of the island. They and their families, 35 persons in all, are the only inhabitants of the island, which is 22 miles long and between three and seven miles wide.

No sooner had the anchor dropped into the blue water than small boats were put over the side to ferry the scientists, divers and technicians to their selected tasks. This was the beginning of a week during which the island and its environs were subjected to study from the heights to the depths.

Eager to confront the elephant seals, Richard Meek, the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photographer, and I elected to be put ashore at one of their beaches. With us went Dr. Reid V. Moran, the expedition's tireless botanist, who was bent on a trip high into the interior to collect specimens. Unloading Dr. Moran's gear and a large bottle of drinking water lest a sudden storm keep us marooned for a time, we watched the botanist start up a narrow canyon.

Wild goats grazed on the nearby slopes, and we could spot more in the distant highlands which rise to almost 4,500 feet. Some of the goats were mottled brown and black, some were white, others all black. There were big billies with long, curling horns and nannies followed by light-footed kids. Along the shore were bleached goat skeletons and skulls. The wild goat population of the island has been estimated

at various times at 8,000 to 30,000. In periods of rainfall they increase rapidly, but when drought comes they die by thousands. At times there have been attempts to harvest the goats, but such ventures have not endured.

After watching the goats scramble up the cliffs we crossed a dry wash, passed the stone ruins of sailors' shacks built more than a century ago and climbed a small ridge. Just beyond the ridge more than 200 elephant seals lay sprawled in the black sand. Climbing down, we approached the lazing herd. The closer we got the more we were inclined to laugh. Before the day was over we were to laugh a great deal.

Cadillacs with eyeballs

Stretched out in postures of lassitude the fat bulks seemed to have not a single care in the world. They ranged from youngsters five or six feet long to mighty bulls up to 16 feet and weighing between 5,000 and 8,000 pounds, or almost as much as a 1988 Cadillac. Their eyes were huge, and several inches above each eye was a ridiculous

eyebrow composed of eight or 10 bristles. Their mouths turned down with a sullenness that didn't seem to fit their comical physiques.

As they sprawled one would occasionally dig down with a flipper and toss the black sand over its back. Here and there one scratched slowly and deliberately with an arched flipper. Their faces and shapes were odd enough but as nothing compared to the noises they made. They belched, gargled, gurgled and burped. They snorted, hined and their stomachs rumbled. Adult males, which have a trunk 16 inches long, inflated this proboscis, turned it back into their mouths and made a loud "bop, bop, bop, bop," which sounded like a pile driver.

It must be kept in mind that all these sounds were on a gargantuan scale and issued so lustily that the chorus reverberated through adjacent canyons. At one point I walked up behind a sleeping 10-foot male and stopped on one of his hind flippers. He raised his head and for a long spell stared at me with an indignant, if somewhat injured, expression. Then he opened his enormous mouth and emitted a mighty belch. Having expressed his opinion of the intrusion, he dropped



TREASURE ISLES

Geographically speaking, the Guadalupe Island group off the coast of Baja California is one of the most fascinating treasure-hunting grounds in the world, but no group of pirates ever presented as bizarre an appearance as the expedition reported here by John O'Reilly. There were silt-divers who flung themselves into the sea with reckless eagerness; there was Dr. Werner P. Hanschke, veterinarian of the San Diego Zoo, who stood, with a knife like a cut-throat, on deck carving up an elephant seal to preserve its skeleton for the San Diego Museum; there was Dr. Reid V. Moran,



the botanist, whose weapon was a spear-like tree pruner. Dr. George E. Lindsay, the museum's president, a mighty man of 245 pounds, scaled cliffs like a native billy goat. Joseph W. Selvon Jr., co-player in the first Bass Bowl game, was now delicately hunting flies. And, as captain of the whole crew, Professor Carl L. Hubbs (above) was a scientific slave driver who by day usually roared in the crew's nest or balanced in the bows of the ship's boat collecting specimens by hand and by night gloated, like a true pirate skipper, over the treasures found, some of which are shown on opposite page.



TREASURE HOARD

Groinly held in the hand of Professor Hubbs, these treasures of the deep were hauled up from 1,200 feet below the surface by the expedition's deep-sea nets. They include lantern fish which provide their own light in the pitch-black and small, ruby-red shrimp. Along with many strangely

beautiful jellyfish, eelworms, arrow worms and amphipods, the nets also hauled up from the lower layers of the sea many brittlemouths, which, according to Professor Hubbs, are probably the most numerous fish in the world's waters, although few people ever have an opportunity to see them.

his head into the sand and went back to sleep.

"I guess that takes care of you," Meek said.

Beyond the prostrate elephant seals others played in the surf. Their idea of play is to form a compact group and bounce up and down with the waves, biting each other as they bounce. They do this for hours, occasionally pausing to raise their heads in a resounding belch or gurgle.

As we sat on a boulder watching these huge hulks at play it was hard to realize that this northern elephant seal, *Mirovica megastoma*, had once been brought to the verge of extermination. This species formerly inhabited a stretch of coast almost 1,600 miles long and reaching north to San Francisco Bay. In 1892 the late Dr. Charles H. Townsend visited Guadalupe aboard a whaling vessel, and the whalers could find only eight elephant seals. They killed seven of them.

Obviously there were more than the one they failed to kill, because a joint U.S.-Mexican expedition in 1922 found 294 adult males after the breeding season. As a result of the reports of this expedition President Alvaro Obregón of Mexico declared the island a reservation and prohibited the molesting or killing of seals. But the main reason why the elephant seals increased rapidly after being so nearly wiped out was that there was no longer a demand for their blubber.

Our expedition counted 2,117, but when the *Orcs* was there during the breeding season last April they found more than 16,000. In the breeding season when they congregate, the bullheads mount to a mighty crescendo as the giant males fight to defend their harems and the fat pups squeal, yell and bark. Since their successful comeback on Guadalupe the elephant seals are spreading north again to the California coast, including one small group on South Coronado Island, only 21 miles from San Diego.

The Townsend seal

I was particularly anxious to see the Townsend fur seals, as Dr. Townsend, for whom the species was named, had been a friend of mine. For many years he was director of the old New York Aquarium at the Battery. As a young man he had done much work on the marine mammals of the West Coast. He was a member of the international commission which drew up the sealing treaty between the United States, Russia, Great Britain and Japan. This treaty resulted in saving the northern fur seals, which breed on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea. Under U.S. protection and supervision they have become an important economic asset, as well as another wildlife species saved from extinction.

But the southern fur seal, a different species, had not fared so well. By 1830 the great herds on Guadalupe had

been wiped out, and the sealers thought there were no fur seals left. The remnant left elsewhere multiplied, but later in the century they were killed off again. During a voyage in a sailing vessel in 1888 Dr. Townsend picked up parts of four skulls on Guadalupe, and from these fragments Dr. C. Hart Merriam described the species and named it *Arctocephalus townsendi*. In 1912 Dr. Townsend returned to the island but came back saying the species probably was extinct.

In 1928 a fisherman sold two young male fur seals to the San Diego Zoo and reported he had seen about 60 more on Guadalupe. Scientists searched for them without success. At about the same time a number of illegal fur seal hides appeared on the Panamanian market, and it was concluded that fishermen had killed off the seals before selling the two live ones to the zoo.

In subsequent years there were occasional reports that fur seals had been sighted, and then on May 12, 1949, Dr. George A. Bartholomew photographed a large bull on San Nicholas Island off the California coast. This positive record led to a renewal of the search. In 1954 an expedition aboard the *Orcs* led by Professor Hubbs found 14 Townsend fur seals among the rocks of Guadalupe.

Later expeditions proved that a small colony of these animals thrived at this lonely island, and the largest count of fur seals since the 1954 discovery by the Scripps expedition had been 107. Counts such as these indicate that the colony must number at least twice that many and maybe more because it is impossible to see them all.

To us, just the sight of these rare marine mammals would have been worth the entire trip. Unlike the carefree elephant seals, the fur seals are shy and easily alarmed. They frequent rocky shores and caves where they hide or dive into the water when approached. With Professor Hubbs standing in the bow of the boat like a viking, we made a two-day trip along the rocky shore line in the outboard. On the first day the professor counted 39, and on the second day his count totaled 75.

Professor Hubbs estimates that the Townsend fur seal population might number anywhere from 200 to 300.

This is a healthy nucleus, and the professor feels that the fur seals can stage another comeback barring illegal poaching. The island is a seal sanctuary, but greater protection is necessary. Mexican officials have indicated that they are going to station a patrol boat there to guard the colony. END

GREEKS AMONG THE IVY

by CECIL J. BURNETT

Department of Political Science, University of Pennsylvania

LOCALE *Quillmania, Greece*

TIME *circa 300 B.C.*

ISSUE *Renewed tenure for Quillmania's coach*

CHARACTERS *Burnatode, a Philosopher; Müllerpos, a Dental Extractor; Larbarutan, a Physician.*

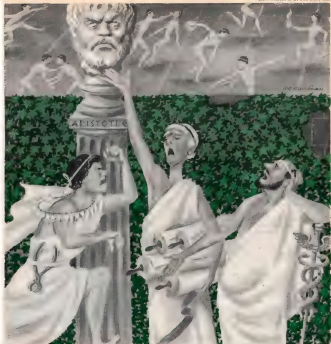
EDITORS' NOTE

The discovery of the Quillmania *Dialogues*, dredged up from the Aegean Sea by a young Greek mussel hunter who sold the amphora in which they were contained, unopened, to an Athenian antique dealer might have passed totally unnoticed in the flow of history were it not for the intellectual curiosity of Cecil J. Burnett, who recently brought the ancient papers to the attention of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. A former football player (left ear, '26, '31, '32) for the university where he now teaches history of political philosophy and labor law, Mr. Burnett sensed in the *Dialogues* a significance which other scholars, who considered them merely a minor contribution to the philosophical literature of the period, had missed. To a man interested in sports (Mr. Burnett is a charter subscriber to this magazine) a parallel was obvious: the University of Pennsylvania, whose football team had gone

through an agonizing three years of defeats (19 straight, a total of 23 losses in 25 games), was facing precisely the same dilemma as Quillmania had faced some 2,200 years before! In fact, Steve Sobo, the Pennsylvania coach, had become the object of such a storm of dispute—hangings in effigy, editorial blasts by the student newspaper, mass meetings and near riots (SI, Jan. 28, 1937)—that the dignity of the university was in serious jeopardy. Nor was the conflict entirely resolved when the university authorities, in adherence to noble Ivy League principles, refused to fire him and instead renewed his contract for three years. Harvard, the league's most hallowed institution, and obviously its Athens, gawped that one thoroughly by firing its coach, Lloyd Jordan, who had turned in a 24-31-5 record over a seven-year period—the reason given was "poor teaching."

That it came about that Mr. Burnett, a whimsical and history-minded man, sent this manuscript to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Awed by this evidence of the timeless nature of man's struggle with his moral self, the Editors can only add the following lines spoken not long ago by Fritz Crider, the eminent athletic director of the University of Michigan (SI, Aug. 6, 1935): "We have discarded the principles on which college football was established. . . . We are applying professional tactics to educational ideals. . . . We are taking refuge in subterfuge and by some of our practices have created hypocrisy in some individuals and some institutions. We are nourishing a monster which can destroy us if we admit we are powerless to direct, resist or control it."

By Zeus, old Fritz was talking just like Burnatode, the Philosopher.



BENEATH THE LOFTY BUST OF ARISTOTLE THE PHILOSOPHER AIRS HIS WIND, THE DENTIST HIS PASSION, THE PHYSICIAN HIS DESPAIR

THE PHILOSOPHER: The answer, dear practitioners of the honorable art of healing, is to be found in Aristotle's *Politics*. You venerable ex-Olympians have sorely misled the first law of social dynamism. In Book VII of the *Politics* Aristotle makes the wise observation that the precondition for social unity of the body politic, and the one responsible for its inner cohesion, is likeness-of-kind. He was convinced that any great discrepancy between members of a social organism makes a community impossible. A community exists only where there is a tacit agreement among its members concerning the ethical virtues which they desire to strive for or wish to preserve.

THE PHYSICIAN: But sir? A social organism! Virtue! Community? These are stunning generalities. This is the great age of Greek science. Science's province is the dimension of

matter, detail, phenomena, causality or sequence. You are concerned with ethical vapors. I do not consider Aristotle's social thesis relevant to our discussion about the desirability of continued tenure for our Olympic coach. Athletics are a preparation for war, and at our Games the only human objective is victory. I grant that the gods may decree our constant losses to others of the Hellenic League; but, if the gods' determination does not operate, then human intelligence and art, the application of scientifically ascertained causes to predetermined ends, must cooperate with chance. We have not been wisely instructed to make the most of our divine opportunities. In a word, we are poorly coached.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Victory is not the ultimate goal in
continued

CREEKS AMONG THE IVY

continued

war. Reconciliation, peace, unity and understanding are the ultimate objectives. War is an admission of failure of civilized techniques for reconciling differences. What you are actually proposing, dear Doctor, is that if a city-state achieves victory in war it thereby transmits failure into success! Absurd! Evil means cannot produce a virtuous end. And the same applies to our Games.

THE DENTIST: The only issue is the competency of the coach. Our young men of Athens are not at fault. Before the employment of our present coach, Sebeto, we recruited the best athletes the coin of our realm could buy. We still recruit some of the most promising athletes from the mines of Macedonia, although many are now going south. But in my day we were instructed in fundamentals. I am not aware that this regimen is now being followed. The coach is offensively crazy. It is a multiple offense to our good citizens to achieve only four victories in 37 events at the Games against other league members. I say to you, the coach must go! If not, then the veteran Olympians will retire to the graves of the Academy. And, by the way, what virile qualities of manhood did Aristotle ever demonstrate? **THE PHYSICIAN:** Dear Burnatole, I apologize for the impetuous harangue of my companion. He participated in the Games many years ago when they were brutish and crude. Although he was puny of stature he became a legend in his lifetime because of his courage, guile and speed.

DOCT. pray tell, dear sir, what possible relation is there between the observation of our beloved Aristotle and the retention of our present athletic coach? The only possible issue at stake is the competency of the coach. Instead of the best evidence—his record—being the sole determinative factor, you struggle into the discussion Aristotelian metaphysics. Our city is starving for victory; you pontificate and say, "Let them eat ideas!"

THE DENTIST: One moment! Unless the coach is dismissed I will advise other legendary figures to refuse to patronize the Games. Do you know that attendance has declined so rapidly of late that the ivy is encroaching on the spectators' seats?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Crisel is the strife among our brethren. Should truth abdicate before a show of angry passion? Verily I say unto you that good will should dispose passion to be guided by reason.

THE PHYSICIAN: Sir, my friend and I are not in the habit of having our intellectual integrity attacked. And I did not take the Hippocratic oath with reservations. May I press you again for Aristotle's relevancy?

THE PHILOSOPHER: The Hippocratic oath is not a tradesman's oath. The generality of its principles applies to our present crisis—and to you in the context of our discussion.

THE PHYSICIAN: Aristotle?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Both of you gentlemen are my esteemed friends of long and continued affection. Yet I feel constrained to point out, as in the case with so many of the young of the recent past, that you have been sorely deceived by the Sophists. You paid these teachers to instruct you in that which was useful. Yet nothing is more useless than pride. Pride in superiority of race is the most deterrent to a union of hearts, to community.

THE DENTIST: I am proud of my city and my citizenship!

THE PHILOSOPHER: The day is not far removed when this exclusiveness will be the fatal cause of Greece's downfall. The only salvation for Greece lies in a union of likeminded-



COACH SEBETO PONDERS HIS DANDYMAN PROBLEM

mind. The present parochialism, based as it is on likeness-of-kind, is not worthy of man.

THE DENTIST: Our city is immortal! There is wisdom in prejudices! Corporeal blood is more enduring than abstract reason.

THE PHYSICIAN: Aristotle? Please, sir.

THE PHILOSOPHER: The Hellenic League is more than a primitive collective. In a primitive collective, physical versatility and strength are the only essentials for leadership or, rather, for the exercise of command prerogatives. The athlete has the skill and the brute force to translate this potential into food, through hunting, and into security against outsiders by his forceful abilities. But such physical skills are not pre-eminent in the hierarchy of Hellenic League values. Rule by force is inconsistent with our collective character. Our pre-eminent qualities are civilized characteristics, that is, qualities of the mind. Antigone never buried the discs.

THE DENTIST: Our Field will become a second-rate barnyard. There were more pigeons than people at the recent Games.

THE PHILOSOPHER: All cultures began in a manure pile. But one of the great mysteries of human life is how some cultures develop from a brutish relationship based upon fear, force, taboo and the result to a humanistic standard of consent of willing subjects—or in a word, from tyranny to law. Pride in racial singularity must be extinguished before the rise of law. Your pride of physical domination of others is based on passion. Passion is irrational and thus inconsistent with a rule-of-law. Desire to dominate others is the strongest passion of all. As Aristotle says, "Law is reason unaffected by desire." Reason enjoins men to be reasonable, reasonable concerning their acquisitive drives. Except for the Hellenic League, contemporary athletics is a forlorn and shabby image of ancient acquisitive imperatives. Don't you understand that our benign environment no longer justifies the display of conspicuous athletic prowess?

THE DENTIST: Am I unreasonable because I abhor incompetence? The coach has got to go! This is the price of my continued support. My very early passion for our city's athletic supremacy transcends the ascetic principles of a thinking machine. Men were born to act—to act on the basis of blood. Because I am Hellenic I admit that the cowardly of this provincial pride is contempt for the non-Hellenic. I am proud that I think about important issues with my blood. Our city arose out of a flux of provincial, undifferentiated protoplasm because of pride in racial superiority. Has this useful principle of racial superiority now become obsolete? Our city faces a lethal crisis. You have compounded the gravity of the crisis by expounding the theory of inclusiveness and cosmopolitanism. I am loyal to my inheritance, loyal to the organizing principle of our city, the primacy of matter, or blood. You prattle about a primacy of ideas that are dangerous abstractions. Never forget that we were citizens before we were men. An citizen's first duty is to our city. My duty does not extend beyond the city, and my relationship to my fellow citizens is nurtured by passion!

THE PHILOSOPHER: Socrates observed that singularity of passion and its kindred ally, desire, is the rule, and that reason, which should embrace all men, is the exception.

THE DENTIST: Athenian athletic administrators are indeed exceptional. They fail to recognize incompetence when they see it. You philosophers talk about justice but you never have to make a judgment.

THE PHYSICIAN: The subtlety of your argument intrigues me, sir. I would not be surprised if you were to conclude that there is a causal relationship between the decision about our coach and our status in the Hellenic League. It is axiomatic that we desire no alienation from our traditional rivals at the Games. Our minimum demand is that our youth be properly instructed. You, sir, would be stretching my credulity in the nature of things if you were to conclude that the price we must pay for continued association with our equals in the league is the indefinite retention of a coach whose teaching potential is nil.

THE PHILOSOPHER: The ends of diabolical discourses are never realized. You are discovering truth through the technique of opposition. The truth is that loyalty to the Hellenic League is loyalty to law. The sole issue is survival of law. Before our league was organized athletic relations between Greek city-states were guided by deceit or legislated by force. This was an example of the aspiration of brutish means for ignoble ends. Bruties are prior in time, but law and the state are prior by logic or nature. Under the ration-

al influence of law, said Aristotle, the irrational forces of life are subjugated. When law becomes the rule and not the exception it may very well happen that men will then understand the rational principle of the world—God.

THE PHYSICIAN: I wonder if Aristotle's metaphysical logic has any application to the very pedestrian problems of the Games. I must concede that my profession is indebted to Aristotle for the classification of differences in kind, that is, the biological distinctions between genus and species. Do you mean to suggest that such principles of biological classification apply to human collectives, of which the Hellenic League is one?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Aristotle was sympathetic to the idea that the concept of morphological development applies to association of human beings. The adult morphological phase corresponds with the human community ruled by law. The larval phase of existence is the primitive collective. But form is inherent in the potentiality of matter. A human community ruled by law is the final actualization of form and matter. Now realize that such evolution is neither instinctive nor automatic. All we can say now is that the gods have not seen fit to distribute reasonableness in the universal way that makes law possible. In fact the gods have been very unreasonable in the allocation of reason. Thus the oracle says: "Only the collegium of the Hellenic League are possessed of reason."

THE DENTIST: I shall ignore your appeal to my racial pride, which pride a few moments ago was thought to be a barbarian virtue. But I cannot ignore the fact that our coach received his training at the hands of the barbarians. He is not himself a true member of our league by either birth or naturalization. Ergo, he must be without reason and he must be succeeded by one from our city.

THE PHYSICIAN: The scriber reports that our community leader has consulted the gods concerning the coach's competence to instruct our young athletes. These scribers report a favorable divination for the coach. This is most regrettable. Even minor community leaders are polling the sentiment of the athletes. There are reports from unimpeachable sources that the athletes themselves have invoked black magic against the coach. Thus the veterans and the currently concerned athletes are in direct opposition to the administration regarding continued tenure for the coach.

THE DENTIST: If the coach is retained under those anomalous conditions, we face two serious problems. One, we will have difficulty in securing the services of recruits for the next three years. Presumably, even by our own league associates, will be made simple because they can now deter a youngster from competing for us by referring to the current athletes' lack of confidence in our coach. Secondly, the sacrifice needed by our current athletes next year will be undermined by their own expressed rejection of their coach.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Socrates could not serve two masters. Socrates did not depend on a poll, nor does truth depend upon the majority. His only crime was that he asked important questions. It is strange that our administrator's courage to defer to the opinion of others is not equalled by the courage to act upon such opinion.

YOU trained professional men know only the answers to questions. Most of you are delinquent in the knowledge of what actual questions are important. To your kind, nothing is important that depends for its understanding on history, or on moral relationships not expressed in quantitative terms. My discourse with you today is nothing more than

continued

CREEKS AMONG THE IVY

continued

an investigation into the nonquantitative, hence unscientific, field of human relations. And remember that relationship is the mother of categories. Humanity's science will increase to the degree that quantitative analysis expands. Science and mathematics are thus correlated. As our science increases, its practical application will mean a high standard of consumer living. But envy will be the byproduct of better consumer living. Then the problem of human relations will really become serious. Cultures and even civilizations will be destroyed because of calculated indifference to the real question—human relations. As quantitative measurement, then applied science, then a higher standard of consumer living increase arithmetically, there will be a corresponding geometric retrogression of concern to the problem of relationship.

THE DENTIST: My friend and I interested you in your walk today to inquire of your judgment concerning the coach's competency. It was simply a question, such as asking of you the time of day. It seems to me that you answer such a simple question by examining the relationship between yonder sun dial and the transit of celestial bodies. I feel shamed.

THE PHYSICIAN: How can an understanding of Aristotle help in this dilemma?

THE PHILOSOPHER: I was stressing the obvious when I pointed out the natural superiority of the members of our league—only the Greeks are inclined toward reason. And our citizens, of all the Greeks, are possessed of the most aptitude for the life of reason. Some of our league members have more sophistication than the civilizing attributes of reason. Isn't it odd that some mechanical cultures evolve from barbarism to sophistication when the rule is barbarism, civilization, sophistication and then decadence?

THE PHYSICIAN: Aristotle?

THE PHILOSOPHER: We have now established that only the members of our league show an aptitude for reason. Therefore our league is a community of equals. Just as the carpenter scots for the building, so our league members scot for reason. We are the chosen people. Our mathematics, geometry, medicine, philosophy, jurisprudence, art and science attest to this.

NOW Aristotle's political genius lay in the fact that he understood that unequals could only function together when ordered to do so by force, threat of force, or deceit.

Aristotle understood the fatal weakness of Plato's benign dictatorship. Plato tried to combine together the necessary unequals needed to produce goods with the equals needed to produce community. Thus he was dealing with two absolutes. Generations of men yet unborn will repeat sadly this fatal error. Dictatorships born of the twin passion for more goods and an equality of social rank soon discover that they cannot combine fruitfully these two mutually incompatible objectives. Human nature being what it is, men make the inevitable choice of the production of goods, with the necessary inequality of rank and the sacrifice of social equality.

THE PHYSICIAN: Isn't the importance of the desire for social equality being overstressed?

THE PHILOSOPHER: It is not being overstressed! It is the most universal human drive, second only to food. Its most universal form is the passion for common worship. Both of these fundamental human drives, food and common worship, are the consequences of man's nature: he is mortal.

Man's instinctive awareness of death stimulates the drive for food with the resultant economic and social inequality needed to produce such food. But the common fate, or perfect equality of mortality for all, leads to a drive for a joint enterprise to buttress the spirit to face the uncertainty of the inevitable but unknown. Thus common worship.

THE PHYSICIAN: Are you saying that the death instinct is responsible for the demand for democratic equality for unequals?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Precisely! And the life instinct, or rather the passion for goods or food, is responsible for the group imperialism of the few. That is to say that awareness of death leads to a drive for homogeneous arrangements among human beings, whereas the necessity for consumption in life necessitates heterogeneous arrangements. In the former, or homogeneous arrangement, everyone counts as one; in a heterogeneous arrangement some are more unequal than others. A graveyard is a vast panorama of equality, but the production of the substance of life requires an organic relationship. Whereas the thought of death leads to attempts to impose equality in life, a high-level-consumption orientation requires leading parts and subordinate parts. Thus, the resultant inequality of the life instinct opposes the obvious equality of the death instinct.

THE PHYSICIAN: Then it would follow that there can be no genuine community where there is a base passion for either goods, life, domination or power.

THE PHILOSOPHER: More appropriately, there can be no community where aggressive instincts dominate the relationship between those who are otherwise equal to each other. Those who are equal to each other and to reason may only be aggressive against ignorance. And if equals are mixed with unequals then the superior equals must dominate the inferior unequals. But this is bad both for the masterly equals and the slavish unequals. The equals would then be corrupted by power and the slaves would eventually vegetate because they would actually enjoy their servility which is nothing more than cultivation of the habit of nonresponsibility. Nonresponsibility is the ineradicable birthmark of the slave.

THE DENTIST: But what about the coach?

THE PHILOSOPHER: The thread on which are strung the beads of understanding of our league is that it is a union of nonaggressive equals. Nonaggressiveness is our virtue shared in common by league members. 'Tis said by the cynic that those nonaggressive ones, the meek, will inherit the next life, but here and now they build community. These genuine elite appeal to patience, proceed by means of persuasion and thus reach goals indirectly. The aggressive proceed directly. Thus the aggressive unequals are mental athletes.

IN a collective of equals and unequals there must be either total control or total chaos. Plato's *Republic* is thus the one alternative based upon the radical distribution of reason. He chose total control. But Aristotle dismissed the alternatives of total chaos by denying the premise. All those who are equal to each other in virtue by way of prudence and reason must join with each other to form a more perfect union. This union of discriminating equals is more consistent with human dignity and more consonant with nature than Platonic servitude to a master. Plato confused the hierarchical importance of the number one with the functional equality of all numbers. It is absurd to believe that any number has more utility than another. Aristotle would unify the even numbers; and the odd numbers would be slaves.

THE PHYSICIAN: Plato, Aristotle, chaos. . .

THE PHILOSOPHER: In this union or league of likeness of mind and heart, there is present the opportunity to exploit further the higher realms of reason unimpeded by lagged unequals. The Hellenic League of superior equals is thus our salvation. Our salvation will be found in the higher realms of research and will result in a progressive increase in the scientific and moral distance between ourselves and the barbarians. The more often our members consort with those unequal to ourselves the more the quantitative mass imperils with its contagion of mediocrity the qualitative elite. Contagion of our league by the barbarians from without will be an irreparable injury to all those in the world who seek the good life. Because members of our league must continually practice the youngest of virtues, integrity, we cannot afford to jeopardize confidence in our fellow league members by what may be construed by them to be an aggressive act. We have made a declaration of honorable intent to other league members. We must act consistently with that intent. Cultural leadership and our league must be indivisible. The coach must be retained in order to serve a higher end.

THE PHYSICIAN: Your idealization of the league intrigues me. Do I understand you, sir, to believe that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Yes. I support the implication that the Hellenic League is greater than the sum of the individual members of the league. Every true community is a product of the moral impulses of the honored dead, the suffering quick, and the shade of prospective justice for generations yet unborn.

THE DENTIST: The statement is patently false! The league is nothing more than the sum of its eight members.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Arithmetically, yes! But Aristotle is concerned with human aspirations and values, with har-

mony and concord. In the context of our discussion I am concerned with human values, that is, the quality of relationship that transcends the baser commercial instincts measurable only by quantitative arithmetic symbols. By asserting that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts, I confess that I go beyond the physical, that is, I proceed metaphysically. Recall that Antigone's protest against her fellow citizens' vengeance on her dead traitorous brother was an appeal to a natural law, metaphysical in content, which law, she believed, prohibited revenge against a corpse. Such natural law, the basis of her appeal, defines the conditions that are fundamentally human. Only the qualitative elite, purged of aggressiveness—in a word, those of our league—are able to define that which is distinctly human. This new standard will thus elevate men and inspire them. Our league standard will be an iridescent and shining goal for all men. Elys, the purification of athletics. Teach by precept and example.

THE DENTIST: When a tooth aches I extract it. In return for my fee a service is rendered. Equity is thus served. As I see it, my sole obligation is to render competent service to my patients. Reciprocally they owe me hard coin for my services. Our relationship stops there. If unskilled, I do not warrant my patients' trust. I judge our coach by the same standard that I am judged. We both hold a position of trust. If he fails to extract the skill potential from his material then he should not expect continuation of tenure or trust. His personal qualities as a gentleman are as irrelevant vis-à-vis his position as the editorializing of a barber is to his competency as a barber. Nothing is as obvious as the fact that four victories in 37 outings equals humiliation for ourselves. Reason does not predicate our continued humiliation in the league as the price of our so-called spiritual association with seven other equals. If league members are equal in several important respects, namely, reason and spiritual guidance, then we should be equal in all respects, especially success in athletic endeavors. But we have endured all the sacrifices. Inequality of sacrifice does more to upset individual and collective equilibrium than aggressiveness. Athletics is a preparation for war and in both there is no substitute for victory. The opportunity for organized ideas is only supported and nurtured by organized force. Athletics supports this enduring condition of mankind and should not be subverted by organized ideas such as yours.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Only the doctrinaire democrat believes that those who are equal in one respect are equal in all respects. It is enough that our league members be equal in virtue. The purpose of the league is not to stimulate a program of athletic imperialism in each constituent member institution but rather to provide an anodyne for pernicious athletic excesses. The league must show by exemplary conduct to other cities the natural place of athletics. Athletics should be a means to a wholesome and healthful end, not an end in itself. If athletics becomes an end in itself that the obviously intelligent means toward that end is professionalization. Professional means then predicate success as an end. When this is so a premium is placed on aggressiveness, self-interest, and aggrandizement of the ego; ergo, self-restraint expires along with community. If the natural elite can achieve community, then the inequality of sacrifice is a small price to pay for such large spiritual dividends. **THE DENTIST:** Natural! Natural! Natural! This concept is used to nail down the self-interest of every state and individual. The surest way to erect an iron curtain between individuals or groups is for each individual or group to

continued



COACH JORDANOS WRENS HIS SOCRATIC FATE

GREEKS AMONG THE IVY

continued

least with dogmatic finality that their values are supported by the credentials of the natural. It is little wonder that the Sophists exclaim in weariness and despair that "one thing is as natural as another and that use and desire are kind of all."

THE PHILOSOPHER: Mocker of Mercy and Father of Agony? The Sophists have done their job exceedingly well!

THE PHYSICIAN: But, sir, I too have heard a good deal of talk concerning what is natural. Some argue that democracy or aristocracy is natural, others that monarchy or aristocracy is natural. Our merchants are of the opinion that the only natural price is the free interaction of supply and demand. In fact, the merchants are decidedly in opposition to government interference with the price mechanism. They fear that we are doomed if there is artificial interference with the natural laws of supply and demand.

THE PHILOSOPHER: The natural is an ordinance of reason defining that which is fundamental for the common good. We must depend for an approximation of the natural by relying upon those who have the sharpest reason and the keenest sense of the common good. Do you still not understand our mission? In the absence of divine revelation the natural must have an anthropomorphic basis.

Now the ancients tell us that a Savior is coming to reveal the natural and save humanity. He is sorely needed to lead men on the paths of righteousness. Until this Savior arrives humanity must depend upon the Aristotelian principle already enunciated—likeness-of-kind of a select minority. Lacking divine inspiration we must rely upon constitutionalized communities such as our league to approximate the natural. If we change our coach our league associates can only conclude that, benighted, we have returned to barbarism and forsaken a cherished association of equals for shabby singularity. We have our choice of rejecting the Hellenic League or clinging to it. The surest way to destroy a community of equals is for one of the members to strain to prove superiority.

THE PHYSICIAN: I find it difficult to believe that the dire consequences you allude to will follow the discharge of our coach.

THE PHILOSOPHER: A community of equals does not func-

tion automatically. All members must subordinate their will in order to nurture mutual trust in each other's motives. What will Athens think if our city should discharge our coach? Our coach is sympathetic to the league's ideals, he is an organization man. He has subordinated himself to the larger purpose of the league.

THE DENTIST: He has the singular talent, approaching genius, for organizing defeat, chaos, factionalism and complete mediocrity.

THE PHYSICIAN: Is our city an athletic and cultural satellite of Athens?

THE PHILOSOPHER: Athens alone has provided the Greek world with the inspiration to achieve the true and the good. She provided the hegemony to defeat the Asiatic hordes of Darius and Xerxes, cultivated the arts and sciences and established constitutional government.

THE DENTIST: Behold! The runner brings the latest news from Athens.

THE RUNNER: Sirs, when I left Athens yesterday there was dancing in the streets and much revelry. Upon inquiry I discovered that the reason for the merriment was that Jordanos, the Athenian coach, had been summarily discharged. Athenians now look forward to athletic domination of the Hellenic League. It seems that the coach was accused of using the wrong system. His system was thought to be an exercise of poor judgment in view of the potential of his athletes.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Oh, dear!

THE PHYSICIAN: This is a tragedy!

THE PHILOSOPHER: A tragedy, yes. Incalculable harm will now ensue.

THE PHYSICIAN: Dear sir, no! The consequence of harm to the league is not the tragedy. As Sophocles has said, "A tragedy is a theory killed by a fact." Your beautiful theory is quite dead. That is the tragedy!

THE RUNNER: As I was passing our own city's agora I was informed that our coach has been retained for a new three-year term. It seems that there was a very prevalent feeling that if we discharged our coach this would be considered to be offensive to Athens and others and would result in our alienation from the league. The philosophers, it seems, had convinced our own city's elders that. . .

THE DENTIST: Yah, we know all that. Put it to the music of the lyre and we'll call it *Requiem for a Philosopher*. **END**

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY. . .



STEVE REID, still at Penn, last season won those last six games.



LYNDS JORDAN, fired by Harvard, has retired from football.



ARTHUR BURNETT, drawing as usual, adds a comment (right):

"Any similarity in this story to contemporary issues is not coincidental nor necessarily forced. In an age which is characterized by the increasing power of social, political and economic organizations, gentle satire is the only weapon left to a disarmed humanist."

MUSICAL CHAIRS (CONTD.)

Your article entitled *Character Builders* which appeared in your December 23 issue was grossly unfair to two fine men, Mr. Frank Broyles and Mr. Jack Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell's appointment to the University of Arkansas (full explicity and explicitly did not bind him to stay with the University of Arkansas for any prescribed length of time. He had no contractual obligation to stay with it. The University of Arkansas was informed that Frank Mitchell would not be in violation of any contract in coming to Arkansas.

In my opinion there is a great deal of misunderstanding on this subject and a great deal of looseness in thinking caused by the improper use of the term "contract" which in most cases was not intended to bind the second party. Be that as it may, your article in my opinion was careless with respect to facts and unfair with respect to Mr. Broyles and Mr. Mitchell.

I am sure the efforts of Sports Illustrated to promote a high standard of ethics in the conduct of intercollegiate and professional sports are to be appreciated, and I am sure you regret the inaccuracy which I have cited.

JOHN T. CALDWELL

President
University of Arkansas

Fayetteville, Ark.

● Indeed there is considerable "misunderstanding" by the public which, perhaps naively, holds a contract to be a contract, i.e., a binding obligation between two parties. But the public has not had President Caldwell's unique opportunities of observing the coaching wars from the front-line trenches. In 1955, after a fabulous season at Arkansas, Football Coach Howard Wyatt pocketed part of a \$29,946 appreciation fund (he divided up with his assistants), served up his spanking-new gift Cadillac and lit out for the University of Tennessee, leaving behind him a brand-new "contract" and the highly verbal chagrin of Arkansas' citizens and legislature. His replacement was Jack Mitchell, brilliant young coach at the University of Wichita, who abandoned his still-damp 10-year contract in such a manner that Wichita's president remarked wittily: "I am thoroughly disappointed. I feel a little naive." All this caused John Tyler Caldwell, then as now Arkansas' very able president and a thoughtful observer of football's *Ringspolitik*, to pronounce (SI, Jan. 31, 1955) what succeeding seasons have made a highly stimulating reflection. "It is unfortunate," said President Caldwell at the time of the Wyatt-Mitchell defections, "that any contract can be treated as a one-way application. It is true, however, that the

making of contracts with football coaches developed as protection of the coach against the oftentimes extreme demands of fans and supporters. Realistically, such contracts did not come into being as a protection to the institutions and have never been so respected." Since Wyatt's departure in 1955 Arkansas aides have been careful to talk of "appointments" rather than contracts. Thus on January 14, 1955 Mitchell's hiring was reported as follows: "An Arkansas official said Mitchell would receive a five-year appointment." But such semantic subtleties are almost totally lost upon the unrealistic public which still clings (albeit precariously of late) to the belief that, having been invited to yield their loyalty to the current character-builder-in-residence, it has a right to expect a like return investment.

For further evidence of confusion on coaches in motion see page 21.—ED.

BOXING

Sin:

Tony Anthony, Aristotle's tragic hero, confined as (Pesch, *Still and the Heart*, St. Jan. 30).

TH waver your writer referred to Aristotle's student and tragic hero, Alexander the Great, rather than to Shakespeare's hero Antony.

JAMES ROBBELOTH

St. Mary's College, Calif.

● Classicist Robbelloth is wrong. Aristotle's ideal tragic hero, as he writes in his *Poetics*, is "A man not pre-eminently virtuous and just, whose misfortune, however, is brought upon him . . . by some error of judgment." This last phrase has also been translated to read "some error or frailty" and is the genesis of the celebrated doctrine known as the "tragic flaw." A deep-seated faintness of heart (which some observers feel Tony Anthony has) could well be interpreted as such frailty and albeit facetiously, so could a chin chin. There was no attempt on the writer's part to make a play between Anthony and Antony, although Mark Antony's domesticity occasionally has been termed a tragic flaw contributing to his, and indeed Cleopatra's, ultimate undoing. The classics class will now reassemble on page 55 for an advanced seminar.—ED.

OOLF, THAT RULING

Sin:

F. A. Eastman's report (SIER BOX, Jan. 25) for a ruling on his ball resting on the lip of cup and eventually dropping as an overhead jet plane crashed through the sound barrier is unnecessary. Rule 35 (pp. 41-42 USGA rules), *When Ball or Rest*, states: "Whether a ball has come to rest is

a question of fact. If there be reasonable doubt, the owner of the ball is not allowed more than a momentary delay to settle the doubt."

R. OTTO PROBERT

South Bend, Ind.

Sin:

The confusing part of all this is that in the recent Ring Crosby Tournament at Pebble Beach, California, 15 million televiewers on Sunday saw Lloyd Mangrum's hanging putt, and then heard announcer-ex-footballer Tommy (we'll try to give you a "pass-by-pass" report of this golf tournament") Harmon describe it thusly. "Of course, Mangrum can walk five minutes. Yesterday Ken Venturi had a similar putt which fell in after he waited two minutes."

C'mon, Mr. English, let's have simple, clear-cut, unambiguous ruling for everybody.

R. J. GRADIGER

Farmingdale, N.Y.

Sin:

"I know, that's why we play golf! I think we all secretly hope for a lie just like the one Mr. Eastman got. The contention grew from the player to his partner to the fansome to the clubhouse to the neighborhood to the town to the city and now, s'help me, if the whole nation isn't conjecturing as to what the USGA ruling will be.

VIRGINIA CROOKSTON

Rochester

● The USGA's Mr. English, after study of Mr. Eastman's letter with members of the Rules Committee, ruled as follows: Mr. Eastman disqualified himself on that hole for "undue delay," as per Rule 37, part 7. If that jet plane had passed overhead earlier as Mr. Eastman's putt was trembling on the lip of the cup the ball would be considered holed. But Mr. Eastman's wait of two minutes before the sonic boom holed his putt constitutes undue delay. As for Lloyd Mangrum's delay in the PGA-sanctioned Crosby Invitational, Mr. English states that he and committee members, some of whom saw this incident, felt that Mangrum clearly violated USGA rules and that he should have been penalized. Tommy Harmon was of course in error in stating that Mangrum "had five minutes to wait for the ball to drop."—ED.

BASKETBALL: CENTER JUMP (CONTD.)

Sin:

I must confess Mr. Edward's suggestion to restore the center jump to basketball (SIER BOX, Jan. 20).

Basketball is an interesting game, but not many of us care to watch so many whistle-blowing, play-stopping, free-throwing contests where, all too often, half or

confessed

Hunts ferocious game with a spear!



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19th
HOLE continued

more of the scoring comes from that free-throw line.

R. P. CHISHOLM

Long Beach, Calif.

Six:

I fail to see how bringing back the corner jump after every basket will "really put strategy and genius back in the game." With Wilt Chamberlain certain to control 59.44/100% of the tape, the U. of Kansas club might set a new record by going a full season without losing possession of the ball or being scored upon.

Mr. Edwards doesn't realize that one of basketball's biggest appeals to its paying customers is the type of game in which the outcome isn't decided until the buzzer. These games are made possible by the "loading of baskets" which in most cases would be eliminated completely if the old rule were being used. Final scores of 100-20 would be common. A 100-point game of 10 points would be considered a real tight contest. To top it off, this rule would bring back another era of the slummy big man. Let's not set basketball back to obscurity.

CHARLES ANDREWS

Amherst, Mass.

JEMAL: THE BEAUTIFUL MULE (CONT.)

Six:

This on the comparative intelligence of the horse and mule (HORSES, Dec. 14) is a farmer. A horse will sweat and overwork; a mule, never. I had to put chains with snaps for gate latches after we got mules. I've had a horse almost literally saw his leg off in a barbed-wire fence, while our mule stood laughing in a barbed fence foot or five hours (judging from the drooping) and when released had nary a scratch. A horse is easier to love, yes; more intelligent, no, sir?

H. A. McNEIRE

Kansas City, Mo.

BOATING: TRAGEDY

Six:

I have just finished the article on Harvey Cassever and the fierce storm that struck off Miami several weeks ago (SE, Jan. 26). It's an impressive account of what looks like a tragedy—impressive for its completeness, authority and timeliness. It's a job that only SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could have done. Congratulations.

DAVID B. ARNOLD

Philadelphia

BOATING: TOUGH COMPETITION

Six:

As a sometime crewman aboard Peter Green's Nala II I agree with everything you have said about her virtues as a racing yacht (SE, Jan. 26).

And even her ugliness has given her a competitive advantage. As Tom Garvey, crewman on the rival Dasher, says, "The best thing about sailing on the Nala II is that you don't have to row at her."

RONALD C. DAVIS

Los Angeles

FLYING: FUN FOR THE FAMILY

Six:

Enjoyed no end Bill Meekle's The Sage of 55 Pace (SE, Jan. 13 of aq.), extremely interesting and worth the time to read.

His flight log is also valuable information for anyone who is or will be planning a similar trip through the same places.

There are a lot of flying fans in your audience, and I'm sure every one would like to see more.

PETE ROMONWALD

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

Thanks a lot for the Madden saga—one of the most enjoyable features I can ever remember reading.

While the Baswell of the foot-slogging Infantry of World War II days may never qualify for an ancient Greek amphora, he's a cinch for Father of the Year.

Island hopping—via light plane—with two small boys must qualify as our newest and most challenging sport. Even with a family-size bottle of Kaseopate and two motors.

RICHARD N. MORGAN

Londonville

BRIDGE SUPPOSE . . .

Sirs:

Concerning one of the hands in the National Open Teams championship (SL, Jan. 6), would Mr. Goren please tell us how South would have played if West had covered South's queen of trump lead with the king instead of playing low? We believe that should be the correct play at that point.

MICHAEL A. HAINES JR.
H. WILLIAM THOMPSON

Eureka, Ill.

NORTH

♦ K 6
♥ A 7
♦ A 10 9 5 3 2
♣ K 3 3

WEST

♦ Q J 5 4
♥ J 8 4 3
♦ K 4
♣ 5 4 4

EAST

♦ 10 7 2 2
♥ Q 10 5 3 2
—
♣ Q 10 7 3

SOUTH

♦ A 5 4
♥ K 3
♦ Q J 8 7 3
♣ A 6 2

SOUTH

1 ♦
5 ♥
4 ♦

WEST

Pass
Pass
Pass

NORTH

4 in trump
5 in trump
Pass

EAST

Pass
Pass
Pass

■ Says Charles Goren: If West had covered declarer's lead of the queen of trump, North's ace would have taken the trick and the other trump would have been drawn. Thus declarer is free to try his club finesse, which, of course, fails, but no matter, for the rest of the tricks are his for six diamonds. As far as covering the queen with the king, West knows that South must have five diamonds in his hand. Even if he held only four it would place East with a singleton which would fall under North's ace. It is better to hold up on the king in the slight hope that North will give up on his finesse and play the ace.—ED.

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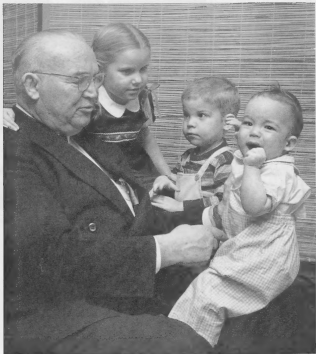
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PAT ON THE BACK



Ken Sorenson

THOMAS J. GIBBONS

Dandling a few of his 18 grandchildren on his knee is a gentle pursuit for this sheriff of Ramsey County, Minnesota. But there was a time when strong men stood in awe of him. He is the famous Tommy Gibbons who stayed 15 rounds with Jack Dempsey in a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world on July 4, 1903 in Shelby, Montana. Of him Dempsey later wrote: "I found in Gibbons one of the best defensive fighters I had met." Still a fighter at 66, Gibbons in his 39-odd years

in office has cleaned gangsterism out of his bailiwick and has contributed generously of time and money to the youngsters of St. Paul. He is a director of the St. Paul Winter Carnival, a leader in the local Boy Scouts, a past deputy of the Knights of Columbus and a man of stern ethics. As evidence of his peevish story is told about some former hearing cronies who, profitably engaged in the liquor-selling business, came to Gibbons with much extravagant praise when he was first named local sheriff. Tommy replied: "Thanks a lot, boys, and you'll close at 12 midnight just like everybody else does."

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